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THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

OF the brilliant galaxy of poets whose genius lighted up the first quarter of the nineteenth century, James Montgomery was all but the last survivor. Rogers still lives; but it has not been the privilege of the last generation of our countrymen to listen to any new strain of his pure and pleasing muse. Montgomery was perhaps, as a poet, the least popular of his illustrious contemporaries. His reputation as a poet will probably be greater hereafter than it is at present; and his claims to the regard of posterity rest on other foundations than his poetical genius. Like Crabbe, Southey, Wordsworth and Rogers, he passed through a long life unstained by folly and vice, calmly and faithfully performing the duties of his station, and offering the best possible rebuke to those who would claim for themselves or others immunity from laborious and patient duty on the plea of original genius. In the earnestness of his religious character he surpassed them all, and exhibits the pleasing spectacle of a man, identified for half a century with the "Evangelical" religionists of England, against whom no charge of bigotry attaches, and whom men of every denomination agree to honour as much for his sincerity and consistency as for his natural gifts.

The biography, of which the first portion† now invites criticism, is put forth as the joint work of John Holland and James Everett, names unknown to literature.‡ The former appears to be a resident of Sheffield, of philanthropic habits, and actively interested in missions and other religious movements. Mr. Everett is the leader of one of the latest secessions from the Wes-

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on various Subjects. By John Holland and James Everett. Vols. I. and II. Post 8vo. Longman and Co. 1854.

† We cannot approve of the prevailing custom of publishers putting forth popular books in parts, without a distinct intimation to the public that it is an imperfect work that is advertised. Many who have purchased these two volumes would have hesitated, had they known that they involved a second, and possibly a third, similar purchase.

‡ How noble a monument would have been raised to the fame of Montgomery, had the task of composing his biography been confided to, and cheerfully undertaken by, Mr. Samuel Bailey, one of the purest writers of English now living, and a man of most exact powers of discrimination!

leyan body. For thirty years, both have been accumulating materials for a biography of Montgomery. Enjoying frequent opportunities of confidential intercourse with him, they endeavoured to play the part of Boswell to their hero, but with singular ill success. The imitation of the manner of Boswell is ludicrously apparent. *Sed non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.* Montgomery must have been a very poor talker, and his conversation singularly unlike his prose writing, if his Methodist Mercuries have not done him strange injustice. Mr. Holland is responsible for the literary execution of the biography. We can honestly commend him for the painstaking of which his work bears many traces, and sympathize with his admiration for his subject. His style, not always accurate, is sometimes rather pompous. The redundancy of matter, as well as words, is such, that we believe the biography (so far as we have gone) might have been most advantageously compressed within half its present compass. The political bias of Mr. Holland appears to be towards a timid Conservatism, which, in relation to the evil days and doings of William Pitt in the last years of the past century, is what we can little admire, and seems singularly out of place in the Memoirs of one who, notwithstanding caution far beyond his years, and moderation most rare in a season of great political excitement, was twice made the victim of the ruthless spirit of Toryism. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, these volumes will, we believe, be read with considerable interest. The facts industriously collected and well arranged, and the numerous extracts from Montgomery's writings and correspondence, enable us to realize his character and social and political position, and to appreciate the influences, favourable and otherwise, which affected him as a poet. We propose to give a sketch of the early life of this excellent man, premising that we possess few materials for the work independently of the volumes before us.

James Montgomery was born Nov. 4, 1771, in the humble chapel-house of the Moravian Brethren, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. Though a Scotchman by birth, he was accustomed to speak of himself as having "barely escaped being an Irishman," his parents having quitted Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, and removed to Irvine, only a few months previous to the birth of this their eldest son. His father, the Rev. John Montgomery, an Irishman, had joined, about 1757, the Moravian church at Ballymena, and soon afterwards became a preacher of that religious denomination. His mother, Mary Blackley, appears to have been a worthy helpmate of an earnest minister of the gospel. In 1783, they made the greatest sacrifice to a sense of religious duty which human beings can make, and leaving their children, three sons, to the care of the brethren of their sect at Fulneck, they quitted their native land, to which they were destined never to return, as missionaries to the heathen. After seven or eight

years of missionary labour in Barbadoes and Tobago, both parents died. Mary, his mother, who had been to her husband "a never-clouded star, shedding joy and consolation on all his hours," died first. Her sorrowing partner survived her but a few months. The dying labours of his parents serve to account for the deep interest which their gifted son afterwards took in the West Indies, the subject of one of his early poems, and in foreign missions, of which he became the champion and the accredited bard.

Although James Montgomery was little more than four years of age when he quitted Scotland with his parents, then returning to Ireland, he had to the close of life some distinct recollections of the beautiful natural scenery which surrounded his birthplace, and of the buildings of the town of Irvine,—indications of that early development of his faculties of observation which commonly characterizes the poetical temperament. At Grace Hill he became the pupil of the village schoolmaster, one Jemmy M'Caffery, having previously received the rudiments of his education from his affectionate mother. The prominent object in the scenery of the village of Ballykennedy (for Grace Hill described only the Moravian settlement therein) was Gilgoram Castle. The outlines of this martial building, then a military station, and the sweet music of the regimental band, which was often wafted through the village, made the impression which might be anticipated on the mind of a susceptible child. The duties of the Moravian pastors were and are severe and exhausting, and left little leisure for the education of the pastor's own family. The pittance of salary is very scanty, but the brethren make arrangements for the education, at their several establishments, of the children of their ministers. When James was approaching his seventh year, his father brought him to England, to place him at the celebrated Moravian establishment at Fulneck, near Leeds. During the voyage from Ireland, the ship was in great danger from a violent storm. An incident connected with this storm shews the simple piety of his good father, and the docile faith of the son. To soothe the terror of the child when the storm arose, the good man told him to "trust in the Lord Jesus who saved the apostles on the water." The child obeyed, and sat during the continuance of the danger so composed and resigned, that the captain observed him with admiration, and said, "I would give a thousand pounds for the faith of that child!" At Fulneck he had the good fortune to have his first trembling intellectual steps watched over and aided by the paternal affection of "a plain kind Christian man," named Job Bradley. Works of imagination scarcely came within the narrow but well-trodden circle of instruction which prevailed at this Moravian school, at which, in common with all their institutions, religion was made the all in all. But "Brother Bradley" had the good

sense and taste to read to his pupils portions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, than which we know not a book more calculated to rouse the imagination and awaken the religious sense of a thoughtful child. His biographers, on the strength of a conversation with Montgomery, ascribe the development of his poetical sense to listening to Blair's "Grave" and the "Prince Arthur" of Sir Richard Blackmore. In the former poem there is generally rough strength, and here and there some elegance and fancy. From it, and even from the ponderous epic of the worthy physician, generally avoided as mere "doctor's stuff," Montgomery's ear may have first caught the rhythm of versification; but to suppose that his soul was moved to poesy by these oppressive works, is more than we can accept even on the testimony of the poet himself. A dull conversation is recorded, in which Montgomery is made to assert that Sir Richard was, after all, "a great man." We suspect that, though not given to raillery, he was on this occasion uttering praises of which his biographer did not perceive the irony. He speaks of it as "remarkable" that Montgomery's "Christian Poet" does not contain any extract from Blackmore. We opine it would have been remarkable if it had. If anything could have repressed his genius for poetry, that effect would have been produced by the Moravian Hymn-book, probably the most prosaic collection of sacred lyrics which the world ever saw,—containing, too, more offences against taste and true devotional feeling than were ever combined in any single volume. Had Montgomery's mind been more docile and plastic than in boyhood, happily, it proved, every germ of poetry which it naturally contained would have been destroyed. As an instance of the "vigilant care" of his preceptors, we are told,

"The father of one of the boys sent to the school a volume of selections, chiefly from Milton, Thomson, and Young; consisting, as he supposed, of some of their finest moral and religious sentiments. The book, however, was carefully examined by one of the masters, and pruned of its unprofitable passages. On its being presented to the boy, he had the mortification to find it seriously mutilated, many leaves cut out, and others in a mangled state!"—I. 43.

It is to be hoped that the good brethren at Fulneck taught Latin, Greek and German, History, Geography and Music, all of which were included in their curriculum of instruction, better than they did the *Belles-lettres*. Of his progress in school studies he does not give a flattering picture, telling us he was distinguished by nothing but "indolence and melancholy," and that he was driven through the Latin and Greek grammars "like a school ass." His biographer intimates that his success as a pupil was counteracted by his ambition to excel as a poet. Certain it is, his teachers failed to rouse or even to discover the fine talents which lay concealed beneath the abstraction and melancholy which always distinguished him from his fellows, after a

fever which suddenly seized him one fine summer day, and which, lingering in his frame, sapped away all the animal spirits proper to a schoolboy. The scheme of making him a Moravian minister, happily for the world of letters, was abandoned. The simple brethren thought him merely fitted to make a plodding trader, and after ten years of unsuccessful struggle with the wayward youth, on whom admonition and rebuke made no more apparent impression than their daily instructions, they apprenticed him to a retail shopkeeper of their fraternity at Mirfield. Had Montgomery's early years been directed by teachers of wider sympathies, and been cheered by the influences of domestic friendship, and, above all, bright and hopeful religious views, it is probable that his character would have been different from what it early became, and that he would have been able successfully to struggle against the profound melancholy which haunted him day and night. Speaking of the dull decade which he passed at Fulneck, he says,

"During the whole of this long period, I was as carefully secluded, in common with all my school-fellows, from any commerce with the world, as if we had been imprisoned in a cloister. I do not recollect having once, during all that time, conversed for ten minutes with any person whatever, except my companions, our masters, or occasional Moravian visitors."—I. 45.

What a commentary on the strict system of spiritual police practised amongst these Moravian monks is the following!

"Notwithstanding all this care, I frequently found means to borrow books, and read by stealth. But all mankind are made of the same clay: my curiosity was insatiate; and the pains that were taken to conceal certain things from us made us more eager to explore them.' These stolen waters of knowledge were sweet—sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly; for he goes on:—'Religion itself, at length, was brought before the court of inquisition in my own heart: I studied, I reasoned, I doubted, I almost disbelieved what I had hitherto adhered to on the credit of my tutors; simplicity once lost can never be regained.'"—I. 46, 47.

There was nothing in his employment behind the counter of the little shop at Mirfield to exercise his powers, and he took to poetry and music, attempting an epic of which Alfred was the hero, and not seldom composing music for a juvenile concert which he had got up, and practising on the hautboy, the chosen instrument with which he jocularly said he used to blow his brains out. But there were cravings in the heart of this melancholy and ill-understood youth, which Mirfield, notwithstanding a kind master and the solace of music and song, could not satisfy. Under the influence of a restless spirit, he quitted the place and his employment one fine Sunday morning in the summer of 1789, and wandered through Wakefield to Doncaster, and thence to Wentworth, where he casually made the acquaintance of a youth

of the name of Hunt, which led to his finding a situation in the shop of Hunt's father, in the village of Wath. It is to the credit of his first master and the provoked authorities of Fulneck, that they forgave the waywardness of the youth who had so disappointed them, and joined in a recommendation of him to his new master. While awaiting these testimonials, the poetic youth threw himself in the way of the good Earl Fitzwilliam (that Earl whom the Irish nation so warmly loved), in the grounds of Wentworth, and offered for his perusal and acceptance one of his early poems. The gift was not refused by this kind-hearted nobleman, who rewarded him with a guinea, probably the first gold he called his own, certainly the first golden fruits of his muse. In the family of his second employer he found kind and judicious friends. The village of Wath was, in the prevalent tastes and habits, in advance of most English villages of that date. There was a bookseller, and there were village literati and a magazine. The good influences of the situation told at once on Montgomery's habits. He was attentive to his duties as a servant, and only devoted the leisure which was properly his own to study and the composition of poetry. After a year's residence at Wath, Montgomery resolved to adventure a journey to London, armed with a volume of his manuscript poems, and a letter of introduction from the Wath bookseller to Harrison, one of that not always gentle craft in the "Row." The London publisher, with true kindness, declined to undertake the printing of the effusions of his unripe muse, but gave the young poetical adventurer a situation in his establishment. Foiled in the attempt to get his poetry published, he took the advice of turning to prose composition; but the products of his well-used leisure found few patrons, and dispirited he returned into Yorkshire, and again obtained a welcome and employment from his kind master at Wath. His next move exercised an important influence on all his after life. In reply to an advertisement, he obtained, in 1792, a situation as clerk to Mr. Joseph Gales, of Sheffield, a liberal in politics and a Unitarian in religion, who combined the vocations of printer, bookseller and auctioneer.

"Mr. Gales and his family attended the Unitarian chapel, and thither their inmate occasionally went with them: on the Sunday evening he sometimes dropped into the Methodist chapel.—The preachers who occupied the pulpit about the period alluded to, are thus characterised by a friendly pen:—'In his youth'—the youth of the writer's father—'Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Evans were the ministers, who used phrases which were relics of orthodoxy, though meaning nothing, or next to nothing, as used by them. More were dropped when Mr. Naylor became the sole minister in 1798; and under Dr. Philipps the congregation at Sheffield ranked itself under the term *Unitarian*.'—Hunter's *Gens Sylvestrina*, p. 183."—I. 135.

Mr. Gales was the printer and publisher of the "Sheffield

Register," a local journal which advocated, in plain and fearless terms, parliamentary reform and popular rights. The political horizon of 1793 was lowering, and indicated an approaching storm. In Sheffield, as elsewhere, party spirit ran high. Young Montgomery had probably hitherto paid little attention to politics. The generous and disinterested character of his employer would concur with Montgomery's own natural tendencies to give him an interest in that liberal political system, of which Mr. Fox was the parliamentary exponent and eloquent champion. According to his own account, given publicly long after—

"Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience—I may say so fearlessly—which long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words then raging through the neighbourhood, beyond an occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of showing my literary than my political qualifications."—I. 142, 143.

In the compositions of this period of his life, we observe a tendency to humour,—an evident struggle and reaction against his constitutional melancholy. In this he reminds us of poor Cowper, who somewhere says: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all." Montgomery's biographer has no admiration for the sportive effusions of his author's pen. Warped by a gloomy religious theory, he seems to think it necessary to apologize for a playful smile or a merry thought irradiating the face of a Christian man. How do these well-meaning but mentally-contracted persons account for the fact, that the same all-wise Creator who has enabled the knees of his creatures to bend in prayer, has made smiles and laughter as natural to man as tears and sighs? They have not yet learnt that in God's purposes there is a time for all things,—a time to laugh, and a time to weep. One of Montgomery's early newspaper compositions of a humorous character, was a story entitled the "History of a Church and a Warmingpan."

"The object of the author was, by means of a harsh and ludicrous parable, to illustrate the necessity of ecclesiastical and political reform. The story is of a dilapidated village church, for the repairs of which repeated collections were made on a Sunday in a 'warmingpan,' and spent at the alehouse in the course of the week! A member of the congregation makes a speech in reprobation of such a procedure; towards the close of which he says:—'Notwithstanding what has passed, the church must be repaired, and the constitution of our country regenerated. But how must these great ends be accomplished? By an equal representation of the people in Parliament, and of this village in a committee: a parliament composed of the best and wisest men in these realms—a committee of the most honest and upright men in this village: and these can only be chosen properly, by collecting the votes of every indivi-

dual whose head can boast of common sense, and his heart of common honesty."—I. 148.

Will it be believed, after this description of the story, that the biographer describes it as "reprehensible as a whole in almost every point of view"? In 1794, the struggles of the Reform party in England generally (and in Sheffield as energetically as anywhere) to diffuse their principles, were equalled by the determination of the Government to repress them by any means and at any cost. Early in the year, a Proclamation for the observance of a Fast was obeyed in Sheffield by the friends of peace and reform in a singular way. A large public meeting listened to a prayer and a "serious lecture," and then joined in a noble hymn composed for the occasion by Montgomery, beginning with the line,

"O God of Hosts, thine ear incline;"

and terminating with this fine verse:

"Burst every dungeon, every chain,
Give injured slaves their rights again;
Let truth prevail, let discord cease,
Speak—and the world shall smile in peace."

This, one of the first of his hymns ever sung, found its way into Billy Pitt's green bag, and the whole proceedings of the meeting (which before it broke up passed a series of political resolutions) were adduced, on the trial of Thomas Hardy at the Old Bailey, as a proof of the wide-spread organization of the reformers of England to overthrow the Government and destroy Monarchy. On that same trial, Montgomery's hymn was read and commented on by Mr. Vicary Gibbs. At a subsequent political meeting held on the Castle Hill, Sheffield, amongst other proceedings, a letter of congratulation was adopted to Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester, on the subject of his acquittal in his then recent trial on a charge of conspiracy to overturn the Constitution. Of this letter, unanimously voted by 10,000 of his fellow-townsmen, Montgomery was the author. The activity of the Sheffield reformers drew down on their avowed leaders the wrath of the Government. On the 16th of March, 1794, a Government messenger, accompanied by a local constable, entered the house of Mr. Gales with a warrant for his arrest, and also that of one of his printers, named Davison, on a charge of conspiracy. By a lucky accident, both were off the premises; and receiving an intimation that officers of justice were on their track, they escaped to America. There Davison settled, thrived and became a magistrate. Gales knew that, in the temper of the Government, and of the juries they were enabled to impanel, to be accused was to be guilty, and he returned no more to Sheffield. The Tory party were obliged to be contented with one victim, Redhead Yorke, who had acted as the chairman

of the Sheffield meeting, and who, after undergoing a trial at York, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Dorchester gaol,—the scene, a few years afterwards, of the imprisonment of Gilbert Wakefield, for the same length of time, for what was called a "false, scandalous and seditious libel on the Bishop of Llandaff." Gales was, however, ruined; his flight put an end, after an eight years' existence, to the Sheffield Register, and through the malignity of his principal creditor, one George Robinson, of Paternoster Row, he was made a bankrupt, although eventually every creditor was paid in full.

At this crisis, Montgomery, who had gained his slight experience as a printer and newspaper editor during the two preceding years, was advised to become Mr. Gales's successor. But he had few friends and less fortune, and presses and types, and the other stock in trade of a printer, however depreciated by the crusade of the Government against a free press, were not to be had for nothing. It is very interesting to us to record the mode in which Mr. Montgomery overcame the difficulty of the want of capital. The Rev. Benjamin Naylor,* then minister of the

* Of Mr. Naylor, whose amiability and good sense made him a most agreeable companion, and whose life was protracted till the year 1846, we regret that no memoir has ever, to our knowledge, appeared. He was born in Manchester of a highly respectable family, being nephew to the celebrated Dr. Percival. In the "Father's Instructions," published by the latter in 1775, there are frequent references to his nephew, Benjamin Naylor, then a youth of fifteen, under the title of Sophron. He is described as "a youth of observation," but also possessing a "natural reserve of temper." In other passages, he is described as well informed and of intellectual tastes. In 1777, he entered the Warrington Academy, where he was the associate of Pendlebury Houghton, his senior in the Academy, and of William Turner and Philip Holland, his juniors. On quitting the Academy, he settled at Sheffield, as the successor of Rev. John Dickinson, who died in 1780. During his ministry at Sheffield, he published, in 1802, a patriotic sermon, entitled, "The Right and Duty of Defensive War." Mr. Naylor's connection with the *Iris* was not merely that of the partner who found the capital. He it was who suggested the title and the motto. He wrote the prospectus of its intended principles, and contributed various articles and essays to its columns. He was, in fact, the principal editor of the newspaper while his connection with it lasted. Judging of his qualifications as a writer from the few passages of his writing quoted in these volumes, we may be allowed to regret that he was soon diverted from professional to mercantile life. The dissolution of the partnership with Montgomery took place in July, 1795. His partner ascribes his retirement to weariness of the vocation, and alarm at the peril to which the conduct of an independent journal exposed him. The biographer's account of the transaction is somewhat different: "The ostensible, and probably, on Naylor's part, the real ground of this early separation was, that he had fallen in love with and was anxious to marry a young lady, whose friends made their consent conditional on his giving up his connection with the '*Iris*.' Although it would only have been fair, under ordinary circumstances, for the voluntarily outgoing partner to have borne some portion of the losses of the concern, he did not do so in this case. Montgomery, indeed, considered that 900*l.* was more nearly the value of the property at this time than 1600*l.*, yet, as the latter sum had been at first paid for it, an engagement was given for the money; and although the purchaser considered the terms somewhat hard, a few years of industry and prosperity enabled him to liquidate the bond." (I. 231.) It must be remembered that Mr. Naylor had advanced the whole capital of the concern, and, in fact, gave to Montgomery the first important start in life. In the general Preface to his works,

Unitarian chapel in Sheffield, actuated, doubtless, by a single desire to preserve for the town the blessing of a free press (for at this time Montgomery was only known to him as a servant of Mr. Gales, and a casual attendant at the Upper chapel), came forward with the required capital (about £1600), and made himself a partner in the concern. This was very noble; for there was, in the state of public affairs in England, little prospect of the investment being lucrative;—on the other hand, the experiment of entrusting the entire management of the concern to a young and inexperienced man like Montgomery, might have terminated disastrously. In a not very dissimilar crisis of his fortune, Mr. Baines, of Leeds, found a friend in the then Unitarian minister of that town, the Rev. William Wood, whose influence and recommendation obtained for him a portion of the capital required to start the *Leeds Mercury*. Indeed, looking back at that dark period of English history, and contemplating the dangers that environed our constitutional rights, it is not exceeding the warrant of various well-known facts to say, that had not the Unitarians been then true to their political principles, English liberty would scarcely have survived the eighteenth century.

The first number of Montgomery's paper appeared on the 4th of July (a red-letter day in the calendar of the friends of liberty), 1794, under the poetical title of *THE IRIS*, and with the concluding motto:

“Ours are the plans of fair, delightful Peace,
Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers.”

The newspaper press of England did not at that period, nor indeed for nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, exhibit much of that intellectual activity and intense energy which are now its characteristics. Except in one or two noted political journals, such as Benjamin Flower's *Cambridge Intelligencer* and Drakard's *Stamford paper*, there were but occasional and feeble attempts at original political essays, such as are now read in the leading articles. Even local intelligence was scantily given, no shorthand reporters being engaged on the staff of the provincial papers. For the duties of a modern editor, Montgomery would have found himself little prepared when he became responsible for the conduct of the *Iris*. General talent, intellectual activity and high integrity, would not, if unsustained by political skill

written in 1840, Montgomery spoke respectfully of his partner, and acknowledges the “liberality and confidence” of Mr. Naylor, by which he was enabled to continue the paper alone. Mr. Naylor is further described in this biography as a sleeping partner in a silver-plating establishment in Sheffield. After his marriage, he retired from the ministry, and went into business with his brother in Manchester. In the later portion of his life, he removed to Altringham, where the ladies of his family conducted, and still to the great advantage of their pupils conduct, a ladies' school. After enjoying a green old age, and surviving three score and ten fourteen years, he died April 12, 1846.

and science and knowledge of the world, have availed him much. Indeed, we may properly enough doubt whether Montgomery's mind was made of those strong and stern materials required of one who is to guide public opinion, sustain in periods of adversity the national courage, or rouse public indignation. Montgomery never possessed any of that social tact (once possessed in such a high degree by Capt. Sterling) which enables a man to move amongst his contemporaries and gather up opinions without appearing to seek for them,—to feel the public pulse without assuming the attitude of a state doctor,—and then to astonish the world by freely and fearlessly descanting on the condition of the body politic. He was a reserved and melancholy man, trusted and beloved in the heart's core of his personal friends (never a wide circle), sternly independent and rigidly moral. He was far better qualified to preside over a literary and religious review, than to edit a weekly newspaper. Though forced by his moral feelings to resist the coarse despotism attempted by the rulers of that day, he really had little besides to make him a political partizan; and after the excitement of a political struggle (personal to himself) had passed by, he felt and created few political sympathies. His own description of his editorial position was—"My independence was in general equally unsatisfactory to both parties. Like my poetry, my politics were never either fashionable or popular, probably because they were too egotistical." We shall not hazard much in offering the opinion, that Montgomery's best political compositions were of the lyrical kind. How admirable this hymn, prepared for and sung by the friends of reform at a dinner in Sheffield, to celebrate the acquittal of Thomas Hardy!

"Oh! Thou, who from the abyss of night
Called the first beams of morning light!
Whose voice obedient chaos heard;
Who built Creation with a word;

"From the dark tomb of mental death
Awake the nations with a breath;
Round the bright circle of the sun
Let Virtue shine, let Knowledge run.

"Wide as expands the kindling day,
High as the radiant milky-way;
So wide her arms let Freedom spread,
So high let Justice lift her head.

"Bid Peace her smiling reign resume,
Where deserts howl, let Eden bloom:
Already is Reform begun,—
The work is thine—thy will be done!

"Though all the universe shall die,
Though heaven and hearth in ruins lie,
Though sun and stars in smoke decay,
Thy TRUTH shall never pass away."—I. 187, 188.

We can scarcely wonder that the men who feared conspiracy and revolution from the hands of Horne Tooke and Thomas Holcroft and Gilbert Wakefield, should also look with apprehension on the gentle editor of the *Iris*. To their dim mental vision, it would appear probable enough that he who could so vigorously strike the lyre at the call of patriotism, would not be slow to use other more material instruments, and with equal vigour, against the enemies of liberty. It was determined to intimidate him and his co-patriots by a Government prosecution. But such was the moderation and prudence of the young editor, that, except the hymn just quoted, nothing could be found in the columns of the *Iris* to give the pretext of a criminal charge. An accidental act of Montgomery's, prompted by a spirit of personal kindness and compassion to a very humble person, put him into the hands of his enemies. A hawker of ballads, having accidentally learnt that there was standing (as the printers say) in the office of the *Iris* the type of a patriotic song composed by an Irish clergyman, obtained from Montgomery a supply of the ballad. Proceeding to sell it, he fell into the hands of the Sheffield police, and was required to give up the name of the printer. The consequence was, that Montgomery was arrested on the charge of having printed and published a seditious libel respecting the war then waging between His Majesty and the French Government. The song unluckily contained this verse:

“Europe’s fate on the contest’s decision depends;
 Most important its issue will be;
 For should France be subdued, Europe’s liberty ends;
 If she triumphs, the world will be free.”

Montgomery could indeed allege and prove that the song was composed and put into type long before the war with France began. It was, in fact, composed for an anniversary celebration of the destruction of the Bastille, and had reference to the invasion of France, in 1792, by Austria and Prussia. But of what avail was this explanation to men anxious for a conviction, not merely as a check to an individual patriot, but as the means of intimidation to an active and formidable party? In a note, Mr. Holland talks of “the merits of the Government, which saved this country from the perils to which it was exposed from an avowed propagandism of the lessons of revolutionary France.” He is a bold man who ventures to speak of the *merits* of a Government, the most despotic and least scrupulous in its means with which this country has been afflicted since the times of the Stuarts. A writer who has lived through the exciting period of the Reform Bill and the second French Revolution, ought to have learnt the first lesson of true statesmanship, that the way to put down mischievous political agitation, is to reform by beginning with the removal of every actual grievance.

Montgomery’s arrest was effected at the time the Sheffield

sessions were on, and at which he was forthwith arraigned. To gain time for the preparation of his defence, he was compelled to traverse the indictment to the ensuing Doncaster sessions. Heavy bail was demanded, and sureties instantly appeared, in the persons of two Sheffield tradesmen, of whom Montgomery had little previous personal knowledge. One of them, at least (Mr. Palfreyman), was an Unitarian. His zeal in this and other political matters marked him out as a victim, and he soon found himself before a hostile jury, whose verdict handed him over to the guardianship of the Governor of York Castle. This was another instance of the "merits" of Pitt's Government. When his trial came on at Doncaster, Montgomery was ably defended by Mr. Counsellor Vaughan (another Unitarian); and after some hesitation, and the attempt (repressed by the bench) to return a neutral verdict, the jury brought him in Guilty. The chairman (we regret to say a Whig, Mr. M. A. Taylor) had delivered a very partial and adverse charge on summing up the evidence. The sentence was a fine of £20 and three months' imprisonment in York Castle. To the end of his life, Mr. Montgomery, although his opinions were latterly somewhat tinged with Conservatism, regarded the proceedings against him on this occasion as "one of the most unjust and unmerited prosecutions ever instituted." There were, however, in the sympathy of friends, some sweets infused into his bitter cup.

"On the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, an old man sought him out, not only for the purpose of administering consolation, but of offering him, had he required it, more substantial aid. This individual was no other than Mr. Hunt, of Wath, who, it will be recollected, had first received the fugitive when he ran away from Mirfield. This interview was truly affecting, 'and will ever live in the remembrance of him who can forget an injury, but not a kindness; no father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.'—I. 208.

What were the feelings of this noble young man (he was just twenty-three years of age) on entering his prison, is best told in his own moderate, but firm and beautiful language:

"My trial is now past. The issue is known. To a verdict of a jury of my countrymen it is my duty to bow with the deepest reverence—to the sentence of the law it is equally my duty to submit with silent resignation. It will be time enough to murmur and repine, when I am conscious of having merited punishment for real transgressions. I will not here, because it might be improper now, repeat what I solemnly declared in a late 'Iris;' neither will I retract it; for though I cheerfully resign myself to suffering, I need not yet blush for my intentions. The verdict of a jury may *pronounce* an innocent person 'Guilty;' but it will be remembered that a verdict cannot *make* him 'Guilty.' . . .

"To a generous and sympathising public, which has been so exceedingly interested in my behalf, I owe a debt of gratitude which the

future services of my whole life can never repay. I pledge myself never to relinquish the cause of liberty, justice, and humanity, whilst I possess any powers of mind or body that can be advantageous to my country.

"I should, however, be unworthy of the name of a man, if I did not, on the present occasion, feel the weight of the blow levelled against me; but I should be still more unworthy of that character, were I to sink under it. I do feel, but I will not sink. Though all the world should forsake me, this consolation can never fail me, that the great Searcher of Hearts, whose eye watches over every atom of the universe, knows every secret intention of my soul: and when at the bar of eternal justice this cause shall again be tried, I do indulge the humble hope that his approving voice shall confirm the verdict which I feel his finger has written upon my conscience.

"This hope shall bear me through my present misfortune; this hope shall illuminate the walls of my prison; shall cheer my silent solitude, and wing the melancholy hours with comfort. Meanwhile, the few months of my captivity shall not be unprofitably spent. The '*Iris*' shall be conducted upon the same firm, independent, and impartial principles which have secured to its editor so great a share of public patronage. Not long shall I be separated from my friends; their remembrance would shorten a much longer confinement. Soon shall I return to the bosom of society, and oh! may I never deserve worse, but infinitely better of my country, than I have hitherto done."—I. 209, 210.

His solace in prison was literary composition in both poetry and prose. In the latter he composed a series of essays, afterwards collected and published with the title of "*The Whisperer*." The volume met with but little patronage; and after the lapse of a few years, Montgomery came to regard it with serious disapprobation, on the ground of certain levities which it contained, and rigidly suppressed it. It is now only to be found in the cabinets of the industrious seekers for literary rarities. The room in York Castle inhabited by Montgomery had in one respect little of the austere gloom of a prison. It overlooked the Castle walls, and gave him ample views of the adjacent country,—the beautiful Ouse and its nobly-wooded walk (so familiar to many successive generations of York students) and rich pasture fields rising on the southern side of the river, crowned by a "wooden windmill propt on one leg on a little eminence." Very beautifully has Montgomery described his feelings and conduct on the morning when his imprisonment terminated:

"I often purposed that my first ramble, on recovery of my freedom, should be down by that river, under those trees, across the fields beyond, and away to the windmill. And so it came to pass. One fine morning, in the middle of April, I was liberated. Immediately afterwards I sallied forth, and took my walk in that direction,—from whence, with feelings which none but an emancipated captive can fully understand, I looked *back* upon the Castle walls, and *to* the window of that very chamber *from* which I had been accustomed to look *forward*, both with the eye and with hope, upon the ground which I was now treading, with a spring in my step as though the very soil were elastic under my

feet. While I was thus traversing the fields, not with any apprehension of falling over the verge of the narrow footpath, but from mere wantonness of instinct, in the joy of liberty long wished for, and, though late, come at last, I *wilfully* diverged from the track, crossing it now to the right, then to the left, like a butterfly fluttering here and there, making a long course and little way, just to prove my legs, that they were no longer under restraint, but might tread *where* and *how* they pleased; and that I myself was in reality *abroad* again in the world,—not gazing at a section of landscape over stone walls that might not be scaled; nor, when, in the Castle-yard, the ponderous gates, or the small wicket, happened to be opened to let in or let out visitors or captives, looking up the street from a particular point which might not be passed. Now to some wise people this may appear very childish, even in such a stripping as I then was; but the feeling was pure and natural; and the expression innocent and graceful, as every unsophisticated emotion and its spontaneous manifestation must be; however much, on cool reflection, a prudent man, with the eyes of all the world upon him, might choose to conceal the one and repress the other.”—I. 222, 223.

On his return to his duties at Sheffield, Montgomery found his townsmen more than ever inflamed with bitter party spirit (indeed, this was the necessary result of the proceedings of the Government) and divided into hostile factions. Bad trade and the high prices of food aggravated other evils. In the month of August, 1795, a volunteer corps which had been raised in the town was drawn out in the streets, a tumult occurred, and two of the townspeople were killed by a discharge of musketry. In the account of this unhappy affair published in the *Iris*, the conduct of Col. Athorpe (one of the magistrates who sat on the bench at Doncaster when Montgomery was before convicted) was censured. Although his name was not given, he was described as “plunging with his horse among the unarmed, defenceless people, and wounding with his sword men, women and children promiscuously.” The Colonel resented this account as libellous, and, after some delay, Montgomery was brought before the magistrates charged with libel. When called on for his defence, he made a manly appeal to Col. Athorpe against his proceeding to the extremities of the law, and offering, if he would consent to meet him on the terms of explanation, to give any apology consistent with truth and a regard to character. Athorpe, inflamed by political as well as personal resentment, doggedly answered, “No, Sir! I will prosecute you.” Montgomery knew the fate that awaited him, and, describing his broken and desponding spirits in a letter to his intimate friend, Joseph Aston, of Manchester (a publisher, author and newspaper editor, also an Unitarian), says, “I have not a heart of steel. I was made of more frail materials. I shall soon crumble to dust.” His second trial and conviction took place at Doncaster sessions, Jan. 21, 1796. The Colonel averred on oath that he never touched any one person with his sword, directly or indirectly. Although this evidence was con-

tradicted by some witnesses who deposed to the Colonel's having brandished his sword amongst the crowd, and by others who deposed that they had been wounded by him, one of whom (a woman) shewed the scar of a wound upon her arm, and in despite of an admirable speech in defence by Mr. Vaughan, the jury, after a very short deliberation, pronounced the verdict of Guilty; and the court, besides requiring heavy securities for his good behaviour for two years, sentenced him to a fine of £30 and imprisonment for six months. The magistrates mitigated the severity of the sentence by ordering him some indulgences. But for these, his biographer thinks the second punishment of Montgomery would have been tantamount to "a sentence of death." In after and politically calmer times, Col. Athorpe shewed his willingness, by the offering in public of personal civilities to Montgomery, to forgive and forget, and his victim met these tokens of a better spirit, as might be expected from a man of his gentle goodness and Christian principle, with entire forgiveness. But public morality demands that circumstances like these should not be forgotten, and that posterity should be enabled to pronounce on which side was the wrong-doing, and on which the generosity in forgiving. Had Col. Athorpe publicly expressed his regret that, under the influence of either personal or political feeling, or both, he had declined to accept Montgomery's offered explanation and apology, his place in the annals of Sheffield would have been at least respectable. As it is, his memory is burthened with the odium of having consigned to a prison one of the most virtuous of his fellow-townsmen.

Montgomery had now no partner to conduct, during his enforced absence from Sheffield, the newspaper; but he found in a young man who afterwards rose to high reputation in other walks of public life and authorship—John Pye Smith—a willing and able lieutenant. During his second longer imprisonment, Montgomery had some associates with whom he could indulge more unreserved sympathies than with the ordinary inmates of a gaol,—eight worthy members of the Society of Friends, who were in prison for refusing to pay the costs in a tithe suit which had gone against them. He was thus described in the diary of one of them, with whom he was especially intimate: "A very kind and social young man: he was to me a pleasing companion, and he has left a good report behind him. Although he is qualified with good natural parts, and has had a liberal education, yet he was instructive and kind to me. I think I never had an acquaintance with any one before, that was not of my persuasion, with whom I had so much unity." (I. 268, *note*.) His literary pursuits were the re-composition of a novel, written in his earlier days, which was never permitted to reach the public eye, and various poems. Of the latter, some were afterwards added to those composed during his first imprisonment, and published under the

title of "Prison Amusements." Independently of the interest belonging to these compositions from the misfortunes of their author, they will always charm by the melody of their versification, the simplicity of the language, and the gentleness of the thoughts and feelings described, unruffled by a single vindictive or even impatient expression.

With his second imprisonment, the romance of Montgomery's political life entirely ceases. He continued to edit the *Iris* until the year 1825. He then retired from the post, not, as he stated, "because he had made his fortune, but because he could not afford to make it at the expense of so much peace of mind as the effort increasingly cost him, so to exercise himself as to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." In reviewing his work as an editor, it was his proud and well-earned boast that his determination had been, "come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right." His fellow-townsmen marked the occasion of his retirement from political life, to give him in a public entertainment a token of their respect.

We have not space or inclination to chronicle the history of his successive poetical works, but must find room for his manly and interesting description of his career as a poet:

"About the year 1803, I wrote, in my better vein of seriousness (being sickened with buffoonery and extravagance), a lyric poem, which appeared in the *Iris* under a signature not likely to betray me. Such were the unexpected applauses bestowed upon this piece (especially by the friends whom I have named), that, thenceforward, I returned to the true Muses, abjured my former eccentricities, and said to myself,

'Give me an honest fame or give me none.'

POPE.

"Soon afterwards THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND appeared, and was immediately hailed by another stranger of distinguished abilities, as a poet, an essayist, and a critic,—the late Dr. AIKIN. He took the poor foundling under his protection,—I may say, adopted it into his family,—for his illustrious sister, Mrs. BARBAULD, and his accomplished daughter, Miss LUCY AIKIN (who has since proved herself worthy of her lineage by her own admirable writings), as well as two of the Doctor's sons, each eminently gifted,—I eagerly avail myself of the present happy opportunity of confessing obligations,—these, all utterly unknown to me, except by their respective works, introduced my little volume into the literary circles of the metropolis, and secured for it, within a few weeks, a reading, which advertisements and reviews might not have obtained in twelve months. This poem and its accompaniments were rapidly rising in reputation, when a critical blast came over my second spring from so deadly a quarter (*The Edinburgh Review*), that I thought my immortality once more, and for the last time, slain. The devoted volume, however, survived, and it survives to this hour. Meanwhile one publication after another was issued, and success upon success, in the course of a few years, crowned my labours,—not indeed with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus,

my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own, it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it, from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost. I attribute this to no extraordinary power of genius, or felicity of talent in the application of such power as I may possess;—the estimate of that I leave to you who hear me, not in this moment of generous enthusiasm, but when the evening's enjoyment shall come under the morning's reflection:—the secret of my moderate success, I consider to have been the right direction of my abilities to right objects. In following this course I have had to contend with many disadvantages, as well as resolutely to avoid the most popular and fashionable ways to fame. I followed no mighty leader, belonged to no school of the poets, pandered to no impure passion; I veiled no vice in delicate disguise, gratified no malignant propensity to personal satire; courted no powerful patronage; I wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilised society; wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness.

"I sang of war,—but it was the war of freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the Abolition of the Slave Trade, that most glorious decree of the British Legislature, at any period since the Revolution, by the first parliament, in which you, my Lord, sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh! how should I rejoice to sing the Abolition of Slavery itself, by some parliament of which your Lordship shall yet be a Member! This greater act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our day. Renouncing the Slave Trade was only 'ceasing to do evil;' extinguishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.' Again: I sang of love, the love of country, the love of my own country; for,

———next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! thee I love;
And rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults I love thee still!

I sang, likewise, the love of home; its charities, endearments, and relationship; all that makes '*Home sweet Home*;' the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred, and country, and clime upon earth. I sang the love of virtue which elevates man to his true standard under heaven; I sang, too, the love of God, who *is* love. Nor did I sing in vain. I found readers and listeners, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and piety will not soon cease out of the land, I may expect to be remembered through another generation at least, if I leave any thing behind me worthy of remembrance. I may add, that from every part of the British empire, from every quarter of the world where our language is spoken,—from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland and the South Sea Islands themselves,—I have received testimonies of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms

and eulogiums from the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch,—the voice of posterity.”—Works, I. xxiv—xxix.

We find in this biography some interesting passages respecting Montgomery's changes or modifications of religious opinion. What his opinions were about the year 1796, the extract which follows from a letter to his Unitarian friend, Joseph Aston, of Manchester, will sufficiently disclose :

“After remarking the general coincidence of sentiment between us, and which I am sure you cannot contemplate with more satisfaction than I do, you say you do not include *Faith*. This is a delicate subject: I remember you once before—when I was at York—felt my pulse on this head. I then, if I remember right, confessed with the confidence which your ingenuous conduct towards me naturally inspired, that Religion was a theme of such doubt and perplexity to me, that I found it impossible to rest, in any form of faith, my happiness in this world, and my hopes in another. [Here follow five lines, obliterated in the original letter.] I do not hesitate to say that a most solemn conviction is impressed upon my heart, that Christianity—pure, and humble, and holy, as we find it in the discourses of Jesus and His apostles—is equally worthy of its Divine Author, and beneficial to mankind. I believe no human being, of any other profession, can ever be half so happy as a true believer in it—and why? Because his faith is *certain*; *no doubt* of the *truth* of his religion can possibly remain on his mind; whereas the most enlightened deistical philosopher is at best but [half a line crossed out] a half convert to the opinion he professes. He believes—not that there *is* a God—that the soul of man is immortal, but that there *may be* a God—that the soul of man *may be* immortal: he hopes for, not expects, a day of retribution: consequently the spur to his virtues is blunt, and the bridle to his vices weaker than if he were assured of the future reward of the one, and punishment of the other.”—I. 296.

The biographer's comment is, that this passage forms one of the strongest proofs extant of that temporary relaxation of evangelical sentiment, to which he adds that Montgomery “often adverted in after life with penitential tears and deep humiliation.” Not very happily for his purpose, he adds that this confession of faith, to every word of which an Unitarian could subscribe, “rather *halts beside* than directly opposes the truth, as it is in Jesus.” Where, we would ask, should a Christian's faith rest, if not by the side of Christian truth? Some ten years afterwards, Montgomery joined himself in worship and heart with the Methodists, never, indeed, giving up his profession as a Moravian. He is then spoken of (II. 118) as having, “like the prodigal in the gospel, come to himself,” and as beginning “to reflect on his position from a moral and religious as well as from an intellectual point of view.” Various passages occur in which Montgomery himself is the speaker, in which he bewails his irreligious

state during the early period of his Sheffield life. "*For the space of ten years,*" he remarks, in the highest strain of spiritual extravagance common to the extreme sections of the religious world, "*I was in the state of the most dreadful apostacy of spirit; though in the midst of this departure from God, I had many awful misgivings, and was the subject of the deepest occasional melancholy.*"

It is always with profound regret we read extravagant confessions of this kind, when they are refuted by the life. They are to be found in most religious biographies, it being customary with the "Evangelical" world to glorify the life after conversion by portraying the preceding life in the blackest terms that an excited imagination can supply. Whatever the mind has thought, or the hand done, before a certain sanctifying epoch, when certain doctrines deemed distinctly Evangelical were cordially embraced, is, like the virtue of heathens in the estimate of St. Augustine, set forth as but splendid sin. It appears, in the biography of Mr. Montgomery, that, as he advanced in life and felt its increasing responsibility, he became more serious and more desirous to turn the great powers which he was conscious of possessing to their right use. This is, we imagine, a not uncommon process with right-minded men of every variety of faith. But when it is intimated that after his sanctification Montgomery became a different being from what he before was, and that he was materially the better for the difference, we ask for other proofs than this biography affords. All that we can recall are facts of this kind,—that he suppressed a novel which he had written in his days of vanity, also the essays called "*The Whisperer,*" because they exhibited an irreverent use of scripture, and that he discontinued some innocent evening symposia with his Unitarian friends, Rhodes, Nanson and Bailey. It might doubtless be added that he industriously attended missionary and prayer meetings, and never again darkened the door of the Upper chapel in Norfolk Street, and that he converted Miss Gales from Unitarianism to his own later form of faith. But that he was not essentially a wiser and a better man after his conversion than before, we think is well proved by the volumes before us. All the most important passages of his life, in which his character comes out so admirably,—in which his integrity, courage, honour, patient endurance, forgiveness of injuries, and we may add high aspiration, are so distinctly developed,—all belong to the unconverted portion of his life. If all these noble qualities can co-exist with and grow out of a faith which is in reality simple Unitarianism, we want no better proof of the beneficial influence of pure and liberal views of Christian doctrine. We have no desire to manufacture religious capital out of the history of James Montgomery; but when his biographer vaunts the superiority of his later over his unregenerate days, we feel it to be due to truth

to shew that his theory is contradicted by his facts, and that all such boasting is vain.

The literary works which Montgomery put forth from time to time, were sufficiently varied and numerous to prove the versatility of his powers and his great industry. As a reviewer he was indefatigable, and, during the editorship by Mr. Parken of the *Eclectic Review*, must have been the ablest as well as most reliable of his staff of religious critics. Of his poems we have not left ourselves much room to speak, but must essay a brief estimate of his genius, and his probable rank amongst English bards, and will justify our remarks by one or two passages of sterling poetry.

Very different estimates have been taken of Montgomery as a poet. It would be difficult to sustain him (as some of his personal friends have attempted) in the rank of the best English poets; but even those critics who would take the lower estimate of his genius, would scorn to identify themselves with the sneering criticism with which Jeffrey attempted to snuff him out in the *Edinburgh Review*. No living critic would dare to degrade him to the level of Sternhold and Hopkins. In psalmody he has achieved the highest rank; and in all collections of hymns, in which devotional feeling and true poetry are regarded, Montgomery's sacred songs will find a place of honour. In one important particular, Montgomery's hymns resemble and even surpass Mrs. Barbauld's. He never allows poetical ornament to overlay the devotion. His longer and more ambitious poems are not sustained and perfect like his short devotional pieces, but they all possess considerable merit. The subjects chosen were always capable of a poetical treatment, and were such as became a Christian poet. His command of the English tongue was perfect, and was perhaps all the better from his slight acquaintance with the classical poets of antiquity. He was essentially original both in his conceptions and his utterance. His thoughts might sometimes suffer from an occasional quaintness of expression and the oddity of some of the illustrations; but they were racy and fresh, and stamped with perfect originality.* His versification, always

* A friend has informed us that Montgomery was greatly annoyed by the unacknowledged appropriation by Lord Byron of the figure contained in the lines,

"He only, like the ocean weed upturn
And loose amid the world of waters borne,
Was toss'd companionless from wave to wave
On life's dull sea."

Byron's lines were—

"For I am as a weed, flung from the rock to sail
Where'er the surge shall sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

To one so fond of and well acquainted with the sea as Byron (than whom no poet has so well described it), the floating past of sea-weeds would present an apt illustration of his own unsettled, *unhomed* life. The plagiarism (if such it were) was first pointed out by the *British Review*, a publication which the noble poet afterwards noticed with equal spleen and drollery. On the subject of

good, was sometimes exquisitely melodious. What can be finer or sweeter than these lines in his *West Indies*?

“There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o’er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor’d age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch’d by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven’s peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature’s noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation’s tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften’d looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
‘Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?’
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!”

It must be admitted, in diminution of Montgomery’s claim to the highest rank in poetry, that he is singularly unequal, some of his best longer poems containing passages as dull as anything to be found in Beattie, and even in some of the passages in which he rivals and almost surpasses Cowper in vigour, there is an unhappy attenuation of the thought. As an instance of this, we may allude to the well-known passage which so nobly begins with the words,

“There is a living spirit in the lyre,” &c.

When roused by moral indignation, Montgomery could soar

poetical plagiarism, it may be remarked that there is a great difference between the borrowings of a man of genius and those of a mere versifier. The true poet may (unconsciously perhaps) borrow, but he passes the borrowed thought through the fiery furnace (emphatically one in the case of Byron), and it comes out in new mould and shape. Montgomery and Byron belonged to very different schools of poetry, but each recognized the other’s genius. Byron early expressed his respect for Montgomery as a true poet in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Montgomery (our friend informs us) once said to a literary friend, “There are thunderbolts of thought in Byron’s writings.”

on an eagle's wing and descend on his prey with a majestic swoop. Of this, a better illustration cannot be desired than is to be found in his picture of the Creole planter:

"Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?
 —Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
 See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
 Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
 Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
 Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
 Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
 Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
 He starts in horror from bewildering dreams;
 His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams:
 He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
 The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
 And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
 To distant fields his dread approach declare.
 Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
 Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
 This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
 Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race;
 The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
 The bloated vampire of a living man;
 His frame,—a fungous form, of dunghill birth,
 That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
 His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
 Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
 Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,
 The vague brute instinct of an idiot mind;
 Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
 E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;
 Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
 A stranger to the tenderness of love,
 His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
 Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;
 His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
 Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
 Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,
 A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
 The spectre Conscience,—shrinking through the gloom,
 'Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.'"

However critics may differ in their estimate of the poet, there can be no difference of opinion as to the worth and true nobility of the man. Every Christian must honour his sincere and elevated piety, and recognize him as one of those true disciples of the Saviour whose conversation is in heaven.

When the biography which has drawn forth these remarks is brought to a close, we may probably return to and endeavour to complete the subject.

BACHE'S LECTURES ON UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY.*

THESE Lectures are the sequel to those which Mr. Bache and Mr. Clarke delivered in the Old Meeting-house, Birmingham, in examination of objections made to Unitarianism by the Rector of St. Martin's in that town. (Christian Reformer, 1854, p. 497.) Considerable interest in the controversy having been excited, Mr. Bache justly considered it his duty to take advantage of it for a fuller exposition of the views entertained of Christianity by its Unitarian professors, and the grounds on which they deem it important to maintain and disseminate them. This he did in an announced series of discourses on the Sunday evenings extending from October 22 to December 3, to crowded and deeply attentive audiences, the majority perhaps of which were strangers, some of whom have since become stated members of the congregation. The Lectures are now published by request, and we are desirous to convey through our pages a just impression of their worth, and of what we would fain hope will be their seasonable and weighty influence. They take as their groundwork a definition of Unitarian Christianity—our sources of religious knowledge and the principles of religious inquiry maintained by Unitarian Christians in their application to them—the views of Unitarian Christians regarding the person of Christ—also regarding the Holy Ghost—Unitarian Christianity in its bearing upon the glad tidings of pardon and peace—the beneficial influence of Unitarian views of Christianity on the interests of the present world—and, Christian Unitarianism a positive and spiritual and practical faith. The outline thus includes the great features of the subject proposed, viz., the Unitarian view of the Great Object of worship (One God, the Father); the Bible; Christ; the Holy Spirit; the terms of salvation; the life that now is; and that which is to come. And when we say *Unitarian*, we should observe that Mr. Bache carefully guards himself against being supposed to speak *absolutely* for Unitarians as a body, except in regard to the great distinctive view in which there is perfect identity among them, viz., the worship of "One God, the Father" (p. 24). *Approximately*, however, Mr. Bache professes to speak, and we think he speaks justly and powerfully. His aim was to be *expository*, not *controversial*, although from the correlative position of his theme the latter character could not altogether be avoided. We need say nothing of his clearness, exactitude and force of style; it is a greater thing that such qualifications are animated by a deep Christian tone, and employed on the subjects of Holy Scripture. His argument, as on

* Lectures in Exposition of Unitarian Views of Christianity, delivered in the New Meeting-House, Birmingham. By Samuel Bache. Published by Request. London--Whitfield; Birmingham—William Grew and Son. 1855.

a Christian theme and addressed to a Christian audience, is of necessity scriptural and historical. His illustrations, too, are appropriate and striking. Justly viewing the Bible as the record of Divine Revelation, and Divine Revelation (vouchsafed in many parts and many ways) as the *special* source of our religious knowledge,—premising also that the diversities subsisting between the Unitarians and Trinitarians are diversities of interpretation only,—he is led by the occasion in which the Lectures originated to vindicate for Unitarianism the rank (equally with Trinitarianism) of a positive Christian faith. Nor can this position, as a matter of fact, be denied by any one; and thus the Unitarian argument is necessarily and strictly a scriptural one. It is eminently so in the hands of Mr. Bache. We do not mean (to use a much abused word) merely *textual*, but scriptural in the sense of Scripture being the record of extraordinary events and living minds,—minds under a great and real influence. We wish argument employed in our behalf were universally as legitimate,—that all who engage in this conflict strove thus lawfully. Assuredly no other weapons can here prosper. We may, indeed, conduct a religious argument which is not specifically a Christian one, unless we choose to abolish the specialty of Christianity, and so merge it into a generally religious history and sentiment; but the substance of Unitarian argument is the vindication of an interpretation of that Holy Scripture which sets forth the special acts of God with men, as demanded by an interpretation deemed unauthorized and erroneous and encumbered with extraneous matter; and therefore it is in its very nature Christian,—pre-eminently Christian as dealing with the great specialty of Christianity. Here the Unitarian and historical view of Christianity becomes one; and hence, too (p. 13), “Unitarians have contributed more than any other class of Christians to establish the Divine authority of Revelation;” and hence, again, its best defenders in other churches, being historical, have universally been charged with assimilation to Unitarians. What better testimony can Unitarians have? As Unitarians, therefore, we are justly aggrieved with those who, rich in the spiritual result of Christianity (for however they may deduce from the soul itself their great spiritual inheritance, it is still from the soul in the very zenith of Christian influences), disparage or deny or do not understand its origin and foundation. The theory or definition of Christianity is not to be confounded with its spiritual effect in the mind and soul. We may speak of Christianity as a practice,—as a sentiment or spirit,—and, again, as historic fact claiming and possessing an intellectual conviction,—as historic fact, too, which it is only possible to accept as supernatural also; and this last-named view of it it is which constitutes its true and distinctive theory by the side of religion in its more general sources. According to an acknowledged history,—a

history supported by infinitely more cogent testimony than ordinary history,—God's supernatural glories were absolutely the very groundwork of Christ's discipline and mission; in the very midst of these the spiritual effect in *him* was wholly formed. How can you accept the one without the other, either in respect of him or of your theory of the gospel? You may speak of the exalted spiritual mind being the final purpose of God, and as constituting true religion wherever found;—granted, and by none more willingly than by those who have been privileged to discern that final purpose in Christ; but this does not alter the truth of God or annul the specialty of Christ. By reason of the glory that excelleth, we most reasonably and adoringly acknowledge the excelling Cause. It is impossible that great specialty should be overlooked,—a specialty, nevertheless, which *is* overlooked in the erroneous idea that a generality is greater. Why, is not a specialty always for greatest ends in Providence,—to lift up the common and the ordinary to the higher and extraordinary? Nay, does not this specialty of God contemplate a lifting up of our whole narrow, ordinary, earthly view, into its own higher, wider and infinite comprehension, in fulfilment, too, of the common hope and aspiration of humanity?

The Unitarian argument, therefore, is, by the limitation of the subject, Christian argument, in distinction from what might perhaps be termed a philosophical religious argument,—i.e., an argument leaving the special for the general. The very term Christian, in reference to the historic truth of Christianity, implies the specialty we have indicated; and equally by its historic conditions does the term Unitarian imply the same. Mr. Bache well knew this, and has acted in strict conformity with his view throughout; and we think him eminently powerful and successful in consequence. The passages of Scripture on which he founds his several discourses are significantly chosen, and his admirably clear and correct exposition of them* exhibits the original truth which they convey naturally flowing in the cogent stream of Christian conviction which he educes. Nor can we forget the appropriate doxologies in which they terminate,—all scriptural, but discriminating and varied. There can be no doubt that, on a scriptural subject, a scriptural style is the only proper one; that the great theme consecrated in the general mind should be commensurately adhered to; that the legitimate argument faithfully employed is the only effective one. The exact interpretation of Scripture thus becomes the basis of correct doctrine and the settlement of all controversy. It has a still higher use. It so introduces the interpreter to the mind of the writer and the scene and course of event, that it becomes, as it were, a living witness to the truth. The evidence of reality which it discloses

* See especially Lectures I. III. and V.

is unquestionable, startlingly welcome as it is undoubted and life-like. Let any one with requisite preliminary knowledge enter thus into the mind of Paul in any one of his Epistles, and at the same time that all extraneous views of all churches are for ever put to flight,—so high an influence, so real a scene, so true a life, such rays of preceding fact and glory are present to his mind, that he becomes almost, if not altogether, as the great apostle himself; the whole evidence of the gospel is for him achieved; the inspiration that has fed the world these eighteen hundred years has entered into his soul. It is thus that converse with a sacred author, equally as with a profane (were that deep and legitimate heed given to the one as to the other), yields to the faculty exercised to discern the things that differ, fruit of the higher criticism to know the holy and the true; the right and pure use of a very gift of the early church,—the gift of knowledge and of interpretation, and of discernment, wisdom and faith thereby, which we fear we need another Paul to exhort us not to neglect.* We confess, then, to the truth and justice, the necessity and rich result of exact exposition; it becomes to the devout mind the spirit that leadeth into all truth; and we fully enter into the reflection which, after employing it on the text of his first Lecture, Mr. Bache subjoins. Explaining it—I Cor. viii. 6: “To us there is but one God, the Father”—as the avowal by the Corinthians of their confirmed faith, with the view of conciliating the apostle’s approval of their still attending idol feasts,—a confession which he approved, while he disallowed their wish,—Mr. Bache proceeds:

“Such is St. Paul’s argument; and such his practical injunction on the Corinthian Christians, in consequence of that very distinctness and fulness of Christian belief which their own profession had exhibited. We cannot read it attentively without being struck with the marvellous success which had crowned the Apostle’s labours in this ancient, wealthy, and luxurious city, the seat of commerce, the metropolis of the Roman province, the abode of Grecian art and literature and refinement and philosophy, renowned for its games in honour of the gods, and for the splendid banquets and costly and vicious entertainments which, day after day, filled every idol temple with crowds of worldly and sensual votaries. Think of the exertions of Paul having raised an enquiry regarding the lawfulness of partaking in these rites among the inhabitants of such a city as this! Think of the stern and untiring faithfulness with which he must himself have asserted and exemplified the simplicity and purity of the Gospel among them ere any could be found to entertain scruples in a matter of this sort:—a matter of daily and hourly experience, a matter involving so constant, and urgent, and public an appeal to the Christian principle of every disciple! And yet this was one of the least faithful, because one of the most volatile and fickle, of the early Christian churches. It was a church from which St. Paul

* See concluding paragraph (p. xv) of the Introduction of Conybeare and Howson’s *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*.

would not condescend to accept any gift, lest he should even seem to compromise his independence among them. How wonderful the efficacy of the great Apostle's labours! How striking the testimony to the divine authority of his mission, and to the 'power from on high' by which it was accompanied! I never read these letters without a more lively conviction than before of the quickening and transforming power of the Gospel of Christ: without feeling more deeply than before the significance of St. Paul's repeated declaration that 'unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ [was indeed] the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' (I. i. 24.)"—Pp. 6, 7.

Having adduced the text as furnishing a clear and complete definition of Unitarian Christianity, and vindicated the name of Christian for all such as gather their religion from the Bible, he confirms his position, not by the mere words of Scripture disjointed for the occasion, but by tracing a *Divine purpose* in the Old Covenant and in the New, and the testimony of Christ flowing out of it in consequence,—a striking passage from Archbishop Newcome, in his "*Observations on our Lord's Conduct*," summing up the argument. And this representation, the lecturer is confident, would by an independent witness be acknowledged as Christianity itself,—the contravening doctrine of the Trinity having taken its rise subsequently to Scripture times.

"I call it," he says, p. 12, "a comparatively modern doctrine, because we can trace its gradual formation from its commencement to its final establishment by the Emperor Theodosius, in Constantinople, toward the close of the Fourth Century, A. D. 380; i. e. more than three hundred years after St. Paul wrote this Epistle to the Corinthians; a length of time equal to that from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the present year. (See *Milman's History of Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 185.)"

The historical and relative position of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism being thus fixed, and the latter claiming a positive Christian rank and name, equally with the former as supposed to include it, it becomes quite clear that the alleged *negative* character of Unitarianism is negative only of unscriptural Trinitarian additions. On the other hand, Unitarianism as positive, i. e. affirmative of the Christian doctrine, "but one God, the Father," is something more than mere Anti-trinitarianism. It is Christian as well. The Unitarian, therefore, is not to be confounded with the Jew or the Mahometan, nor with those who, in the bosom of Trinitarian or other churches, do not assert the distinctive Christian doctrine which he does.

"While so many mere Anti-trinitarians are either silent opponents of the Trinity or open conformists with that Church established by law which recognises it as a fundamental doctrine, we Unitarian Christians, on the contrary, own that a necessity is imposed upon us who form our creed and conduct our worship in accordance with what we believe to be the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel concerning the Great Object of religious faith and worship, to avow and maintain the distinction which fidelity to the truth does not permit us to hold in abeyance. * *

We are *Unitarian* Christians. Every one who believes that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the *only* God, whatever else he may believe or not believe, is also a Unitarian Christian: *is* one, even though he may never have heard the name: *is* one, even though having heard and understood the name, he may yet choose to repudiate it."—P. 14.

The next four pages are occupied by a striking vindication of an avowed Unitarian position as demanded by the first of duties, viz., duty to Truth,—truth moral, and truth intellectual too. No one, we suppose, will question the former duty; the latter does not meet with the same universal recognition. It is the rarer attribute of the highest order of minds. We need not recall examples. It would be but to summon the chief glories of history with which all are familiar, culminating in His, who before Pilate declared, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." In this we have the very spring and basis of the church,—the truth whose fruit is the spirit; and we unhesitatingly affirm that every Christian church should be constituted accordingly; that is, that the basis should be Christian truth, *as* truth, and of course *distinctive* Christian truth, which, *needing* to be distinctive, indicates its jeopardy, and the more appeals for champions, and, if need be, martyrs. The *basis* of a church, we repeat, can neither be the *spirit* nor the *works*, but the TRUTH, of the gospel. It is inverting, confounding and destroying, to make them so. Look to Christ, and see if his ministry does not accord with his description of it. He uttered truth with the witness of God, truth first and highest, fraught, instinctively fraught, with the spirit and the life, and, because so fraught, to be prized first and foremost. And it has accordingly gone to the very heart of the world, agitated to its depths ever since, that it may cast off its former error. That truth has been at the basis of every church, and must still be, till the process is complete. We speak of truth, variously conceived it may be, but still of truth as distinguished from the spirit and the life.

We think, then, the whole mission and manifestation of Christ defines his church. It dissipates entirely the surface-of-Scripture question of church government. His spirit, effluent from the truth, was to take its own form; and he left it in the world to do so. It clears away from the basis and constitution of a church all practical matters. They are the fruitful result beyond its shrine. Consecrated to truth and worship, as Christ in the attitude of prayer for his disciples, it says, as he did, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." Following the great Christian Exemplar and Inspirer, awed by the specialty of God in the world for this very thing, we assign to the church its very high and peculiar function of preserving the truth of God and seeking the Holy Spirit.

This we would make its sole end, its inviolable task; and not obstruct its light or profane its prayer by a crowd of objects which at other times and in every place are to obtain its blessing. We consequently very decidedly object to the individual church taking any or every kind of practical object under its immediate care,—much more so to its making such a proceeding the basis of its constitution or a test of its membership. Besides the total inversion of its nature and hindrance of its function by such a process, we have only to remark on the waste of strength and destruction of catholicity which it occasions. In these, the spirit and the life of the Truth, we are agreed; and united labour will bring forth far more and better fruit for the world, while its almost better effect is to yield “the unity of the spirit,” and perhaps through it even a unity of faith in those who jointly and not separately cultivate the field. On the truth, however, we are not yet agreed. Here the gospel is according to its manifestation in every man’s conscience; and the idea of the church suggested by it of course precludes the possibility of all attempts, if such have been made, to include Trinitarian and Unitarian worshipers in the same assembly. Truth intellectual, or truth moral, the one or the other, is necessarily sacrificed; and either is a price too costly to be paid. Against the desire of union should always be set the prior claim of the Truth. The wisdom from above is first *pure*, then peaceable. The precedence is essential to its “good fruits;” nay, the best; for the phenomenon, the very condition, of virtues of high quality, is a state of *difference*; that only produces intensity of view, purity of spirit and vigour of action. Hence the glory of an age when differences are the greatest. Can we imagine that the school of Christ and Messiah times are to die out on the earth?

“To learn to stand alone or apart is at least as valuable as to learn to join with others, and it is generally the harder lesson. Besides, let those persons who thus habitually encourage mutual reserve in regard to the Great Object of worship even in their most solemn public acts of worship, consider what danger there is of their giving place to a merely selfish and worldly spirit, and falling ultimately into an entire and unresisting conformity with worldly established creeds. Under the Heathen Emperors it was remarked that the philosophic atheists were the most severe persecutors of the Christians. So under our Trinitarian Establishment, it is the worldly-wise unbeliever who often makes loudest protestations of his orthodoxy, and who, if the spirit of the age permitted, would be foremost to brand with heresy every defaulter from the popular faith. There is nothing, I am persuaded, but a real, quickening, outspoken, individual faith which can make or keep any man upright and charitable in his religious associations and professions, or preserve integrity and charity in connexion with such profession among the community at large.”—Pp. 16, 17.

The remainder of the Lecture is occupied in shewing how fully Unitarian Christianity is expressed in the *very words* of

Scripture,—what entire identity of view on their distinctive doctrine subsists among Unitarian Christians, as contrasted with the marvellous diversities of Trinitarians on theirs,—and that the Unitarian view is the only form of Christian faith which gives its just significance to the Paternal character of God. At p. 18, is justly exposed Archbishop Whately's most strange and unwarrantable view of the Lord's Prayer, wherein he not only, according to his creed, makes Christ God, but, against his creed, makes him the Father also. (Introductory Lessons on the History of Religious Worship, Pt. i. pp. 101, 121.)*

In the second Lecture, from the words, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" Mr. Bache argues that the primary source of all religious knowledge is in ourselves, as having a capacity for religion, the possession of which furnishes to some extent a measure or standard of religious truth. Our capacity is for the spiritual; God, therefore, we may be sure, is a *Spirit*. So also we judge of his character and dealings by the moral judgment and affections which he has implanted within ourselves. His protest thus through us against self-styled orthodox expounders of his character and proceedings is clear. Our moral judgment thus becomes our guiding principle in religious inquiry equally as in subordinate pursuits, and must be exercised under the same law of integrity and freedom; the only difference is, that in religious matters its correct application is more important than it is in secular. (P. 28.) Were men as sincere and earnest in their inquiry after religious as after secular truth, they would soon become sensible that they need *special* information in religion beyond what mere outward nature and the world can supply. Socrates, culmination of natural wisdom and heathen light, unknowing, yet desirous, of the higher culmination proceeding, is the striking proof. That higher light we have in THE BIBLE,

"— which stamps with the authority of fact the marvellous anticipations of this wisest of all the Grecian philosophers, and in so doing shows at the same time, how far the realities of Providence surpass our noblest expectations, while these very expectations teach us what need there was of such realities. Yes! I would have those who are disposed to think lightly of the Bible because from their earliest years they have been so familiar with its most important disclosures as to have almost forgotten whence they derived them—I would have such persons listen to this Wisest Man of heathen antiquity, and hear how *he* felt the need of that special aid which they receive only to despise."—Pp. 29, 30.

What the Bible is, and how it is to be used and regarded, is succinctly and admirably set forth in the rest of the Lecture; in the course of which the question of Infallibility, whether as it respects a church, the Scriptures, or the human mind receiving either, is unanswerably disposed of. And as it respects the Old

* See Christian Reformer, 1851, pp. 176, 179.

Testament, the claim of direct inspiration is limited to that which is really prophetic;* it cannot be extended to traditions and opinions having no necessary connection with the one great and only purpose of special revelation.

"If the representation given of our earth and of the system to which it belongs, in Genesis and in the Psalms, be really inspired, be really part of divine revelation, then Galileo was justly condemned by the Inquisition, and our received system of Astronomy is altogether false and wrong. Propose this alternative to a scientific man and he at once rejects Genesis and the Psalms, and probably the whole Bible of which they form a part. But why should we take for granted such an alternative? Why should we suppose that scientific or philosophical or minute historical truth is necessarily a constituent element of the records of divine revelation? Why could not Almighty God make himself known to Moses without giving him a correct scientific knowledge of the process of creation? and why could not Moses record accurately the revelation which he received without being inspired to detail that process? The fact is in accordance with what sound reflection would lead us to anticipate."—P. 33.

Religion was the only thing necessary to reveal.

Our space forbids us to do more than direct attention to the striking exposure of both the mis-use and non-use of the Bible (pp. 34—36). In reference to the life and prayer that should attend its use, it is well said:

"The most illustrious enquirers after scientific and philosophical truth (*original* enquirers I mean) have almost always been men who have looked up to God for guidance in their researches, and who have devoutly and gratefully acknowledged what he has graciously bestowed. How much more is this needed in enquirers after *religious* truth!"

We could almost conjecture that Mr. Bache founded this remark on one of Whewell's (*Indications of the Creator*, p. 34):

* At p. 32, Mr. Bache disposes of 2 Tim. iii. 16, as the ground of the common notion of the inspiration of the Bible, by citing Dr. John Pye Smith's correction, viz. "All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable also for doctrine, for reproof," &c.; restricting also the inspiration to Old-Testament Scripture prophetic of the Messiah. We adduce what we think a still juster view from the late Professor Norton. It is from one of his latest works, still to appear, extracts from which, however, the American Christian Examiner (Jan. 1855) is enabled to supply (p. 121): "The words have their whole force, great as it has been on the minds of English readers, only from the improper use of the word 'inspiration' in our common English version, and the consequent false meaning which has been put upon them. Their true meaning may be thus expressed: 'The spirit of God is breathed into every book,'—that is, of the Old Testament; and the only purpose of the apostle was to assert generally, what no Christian will deny, that a religious spirit pervades the books of the Old Testament. Hence they are, and were especially to the early converts of our faith, 'profitable,' &c. I say especially to the early converts, because at the time when St. Paul wrote there was no collection of the books of the New Testament, there was no Christian literature, and certainly nothing in heathen literature, supposing them to have had any familiarity with it, which could supply the place of the books of the Old Testament as a source of religious instruction and religious feelings."

“— that Inductive Minds, those which have been able to discover Laws of Nature, have also commonly been ready to believe in an Intelligent Author of Nature; while Deductive Minds, those which have employed themselves in tracing the consequences of Laws discovered by others, have been willing to rest in Laws, without looking beyond to an Author of Laws.”

So the investigator of Christian truths will have a more vital faith than he who takes them upon trust. As extremely apposite to the subject, we subjoin a beautiful passage from the same work, pp. 95, 96 :

“The real philosopher, who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, thus to find the natural sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable, that, after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a source of order and law and intellectual beauty; that, after venturing into the region of life and feeling and will, we are led to believe the fountain of life and will not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living mind, a power which aims as well as acts. To us this doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening, and without such a final strain our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and developement; and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too often have sounded to the ear of our moral nature as vague and unmeaning melodies floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, moulded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, though sometimes interrupted and lost, at last swells in our ears full, clear and decided: and the religious ‘Hymn in honour of the Creator,’* to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers of these later days, and will roll on hereafter, the ‘perpetual song’ of the temple of science.”†

In Lecture III., from a clearly discriminating and conclusive exposition of Christ's question to the Pharisees (Matt. xxii. 42) —“What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?”—Mr. Bache educes the Unitarian view of his rank and person, and shews how naturally the proneness of mankind to seek some visible representative of the Deity, led to the deification and worship of Christ accordingly,—an error which, though it was the intent of Judaism and Christianity alike to prevent, still had its sway, and which even the early Reformers did not escape,—not even, so far as worship is concerned, the Socini themselves, whose opi-

* Galen so regarded his work.—*Indications, &c.*, p. 66.

† To the same purport is H. Mayhew's story of the Peasant-boy Philosopher. *Prospective Review*, Feb., art. 2.

nion on this point, and the consequent injustice of confounding them with ourselves, is emphatically stated. But while disclaiming for Unitarians the *worship* of Christ, Mr. Bache does not forget the specialty of his mission and character :

"We do *not* worship Christ : because, as I explained in my first Lecture, our distinctive characteristic is that which is expressed in the very language of St. Paul to the Corinthians : 'To us, there is but one God, the Father.' Christ, the Son of God, not being 'the Father' (as even the Trinitarian creed maintains), is therefore *not* God, according to St. Paul and the early church at Corinth, and every Unitarian church of these days. * * * We do not believe that Christ is God, and therefore we do not *worship* him : but that Christ is *from* God, and proved to have been *from* God by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him in the midst of his own nation (Acts ii. 22), no Christians more heartily believe than we."

Further shewing by the words of Christ that his mission not only *originated* specially from his and our Heavenly Father, but that it was *continually carried on* by his immediate presence and agency, Mr. Bache proceeds :

"Hence we Unitarians are at the farthest possible distance from those who regard our Lord Jesus Christ as *a mere man* or as an ordinary prophet. In men of distinguished talent and genius, we recognise what we term, in a somewhat loose phraseology, the inspiration of God. The poet or orator or artist we say is *inspired*. But there is a speciality belonging to the inspiration of Christ, as shewn by the special character of its manifestations, which makes the term *talent* or *genius* altogether inappropriate to the description of his distinguished endowments : while he is yet farther exalted far above all preceding prophets whose endowments were marked by a similar speciality, by the immeasurably greater fulness and purity and loftiness of *his* inspiration, and the far nobler and more enduring objects with a reference to which it was given and exercised. In short, Christ is to us, according to the representation given of him in the introductory chapter of St. John's Gospel,—Christ is to us Unitarian Christians, the incarnate Word of God ; and we gratefully accept the beautiful outline sketched of him by a living poet, who writes,

'And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought ;
Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.' (In Memoriam, xxxvi.)"

We are obliged to Mr. Bache for this full and adequate and beautiful picture : so decided an exhibition of it is not without its necessity on both sides of the position which we occupy, if not within it. In connection with it, we may perhaps be pardoned in adducing a more sensible suggestion of Archbishop Whately than the one we adverted to just now :

"There are many now who, while professing belief in the Divinity

of Christianity, yet mix up with it other ideas which virtually nullify that belief. 'Christ,' they will say, 'was an inspired prophet, and so was Mahomet, and Dante, and Luther, and Milton, and a multitude of others. They had all the Divine spark within them—all had great missions to accomplish,' &c. And thus the ideas of genius and of Divine inspiration are confused together; and by raising others to the level of the Founder of our faith, they virtually degrade Him. They thus imitate the trick of Morgiana in the *Forty Thieves*, who, when she perceived *one* door marked with red chalk, immediately marked all those on each side, so that the mark ceased to be a distinction."*

With so exalted, because scriptural, view of the office and character of Christ, we may be asked why we object to the commonly-esteemed orthodox view of the union between God and Christ, which it may be alleged is substantially equivalent. The question is fully answered by the lecturer (pp. 46, 47), especially by the quotation of a noted passage from Mr. Yates's Reply to Wardlaw. The reason of the exalted language of the apostles in speaking of Christ is happily illustrated, pp. 47, 48. The subject demanding it, there was at the same time no danger of confounding him with the Deity.

"Ask yourselves * * * what risk there could be of any such possibility being contemplated by a people who like the Jews had for ages suffered martyrdom in the maintenance of their faith in Jehovah, the One only living and true God. Hence as there was *no* danger whatever of misapprehension, the sentiments of reverence and gratitude and obedience awakened by the character and work of Christ were permitted an *unqualified* expression: unqualified indeed, yet everywhere, on careful investigation, easily distinguishable by its connexion at least, from the expressions exclusively appropriate to the Infinite and perfect God."

We may make a further observation. The exalted language reflects an exalted occasion. "A ray of his brightness"—"express image of his person"—"image of the invisible God"—"in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily"—"the Word" which "was God,"—can such language, inspired by the subject doubtless, point back our thought to merely a *wise*, or, if you will grant him the title, *heavenly* Teacher, who had *not* the world-acknowledged accompaniments and credentials of God of which the Gospels give us the surpassing and inspiring picture? We may fill out that language with our merely intellectual or spiritual notions *now*; but did it stand for such in the mind of Paul or John and the rest,—men who had been eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word? Why the very Trinity in men's minds, the Deity of Christ in the Church, reflects the same; and as the accumulated false miracle, so the great error, of the ages, is proof and index of the True.

It is easy to interpret Christ by our own experience. That,

* Detached Thoughts and Apothegms, extracted from some of the Writings of Archbishop Whately. First Series. Quoted in the Athenæum, Jan. 6, p. 10.

perhaps, is the chief cause of our short-coming views of the great specialty that distinguished him. It is not so easy to judge of the meeting of the supernaturally divine with his human nature on which we have now remarked; yet, were this oftener attempted, we believe the objection to miracle would cease. It has been viewed in its outward relation chiefly, less in its relation to the mind of Christ. His subject and occasion did not perhaps require Mr. Bache to enter upon this ground. In doing so, there is danger, on the one hand, as we have seen, of assigning too much to Christ; we think there is equal danger, on the other, of attributing too little,—we mean of assigning to God, with but little of Christ's instrumentality, the wisdom and power evinced. This, perhaps, is our peculiar error. In our anxiety to ascribe the divinity to God as scripture and reason dictate, we have too hastily and unreflectingly passed by the medium, and so missed the lesson of God in the vitality of the example. That medium was Christ; and the true way of regarding him, clearly indicated as it is in Scripture, especially in the temptation, cannot be as merely passive. We think the only way, disarming at once the Trinitarian on the one hand and the Anti-supernaturalist on the other, is, that that higher sphere of power in which he appears to us to have moved, was to him the appointed and constant means of discipline,—the higher and harder trial of his moral decisions, which, true to God through the great ordeal, gave out the moral perfectness we all look up to. Hence, too, we view him as a human exemplar rather than a divine pattern; or, rather, a human example exalted, so far as human conditions allow, into the divine.

We have been, in part, led into these remarks, because we are not sure whether the end of paragraph 2, p. 42, sufficiently recognizes the voluntary moral action of Christ under great influences from God, and does not rather too decidedly impersonate the Deity in him. But we perhaps forget the reference to the Trinitarian interpretation from which the remarks were urged. In his subsequent vindication of the equal or greater devotional and practical effect of the Unitarian view of Christ, pp. 49—52, occurs an incidental remark worthy of notice:

"In the Acts and Epistles, he is uniformly and without exception declared to have *been raised* from the dead: no where in a single instance that I know of, to have *raised himself*: though our Common Version hides the fact by frequently employing the ambiguous word *risen* as the rendering of the original, *been raised*."

Nor can we see how the Trinitarian can meet the following (p. 51):

"Were we to acknowledge any deity (godhead) of the Son as distinguishable from the deity of the Father, and were we to ascribe to the Son as God these wonderful transactions as if carried out by his own inherent energy, precisely in that degree should we set aside the Father

and his deity as having no direct concern in them; and so should we immediately contradict the express ascription of them all by Christ himself to his Father, and his Father *alone*."

We are grateful throughout for the close logic, scriptural power and striking illustration of these Lectures. In them the Unitarian argument becomes Christian evidence, welcome alike to the understanding and the heart. Each strong position irresistibly gained and impregnably secured, is a retaking of the towers of Zion from the armies of the alien. We have only to hope that, as the enemy is dislodged, the watchmen may be true, so that God may be in the midst of her, worshiped and obeyed. For, instead of marking well her bulwarks and considering her palaces, we fear we may have wandered from her precincts or cast ourselves from her height. We have dwelt the more on the subject on this account. We cannot forget that the gospel is holy ground, and its glory a celestial glory. Logically and historically, its specialty is inseparable from the understanding; morally, religiously and providentially, it binds itself to the soul. Above all, we see in it the only preservative to human hearts of that faith in a Personal Intelligence and Love, without which we are without hope and without God in the world. We may aspire to the infinite, believe in nothing but the absolute, and idolize Law, without trust in a Father as followers of Christ. So truly was the great specialty of God, once for all, necessary to the ages. With it, practically we are bad enough; without it in theory, we are lost indeed.

CRITICISM OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.*

THE critical labours which, during the last three hundred years, have been bestowed on the New Testament, have been distributed, in something like alternate periods of nearly equal length, between this country and the continent. This statement may perhaps excite a moment's surprise in the reader. We make it with consideration, as will be seen; but on the supposition also that England, now that her turn has again come round, will not be found wanting to the work claimed from her,—a supposition which, we fear, is not very likely to be fulfilled. The earliest publication in print of the whole New Testament took place in

* An Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament; with Remarks on its Revision upon Critical Principles. Together with a Collation of the Critical Texts of Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann and Tischendorf, with that in Common Use. By Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL.D. 1 Vol. 8vo. London. 1854.

the year 1521. We have at this point the commencement of one of the periods referred to; one occupied with the labours of continental scholars, and extending down to the establishment of the Received Text in the second Elzevir edition in 1633. During this long interval, though much was done in England in making the Scriptures accessible to the people in the common tongue, little or nothing of importance was effected for the criticism of the original text. We find on the continent, on the contrary,—mentioning those works only which are of greatest note in the history of this subject,—the Complutensian edition; the various editions of Erasmus; those of Robert Stephens; those of Beza; and finally the Elzevir editions, terminating the series, as we have said, with the establishment of the Received Text. Of these successive issues of the Greek Testament, it is well known that only the first two can be said to have been founded on manuscript authority, such as it was; for that it was not the best attainable, even at that early period, has long been admitted. The Complutensian editors and Erasmus printed independently of each other from comparatively modern manuscripts, without much additional assistance of any kind, and even venturing occasionally to supply, or correct, what they thought defective or wrong in the Greek, by translating from the Vulgate. The Complutensians, for example, did this in the case of 1 John v. 7; and Erasmus did the same, in the book of Revelation more particularly,—adopting, however, in his last two editions, some improvements from the better Complutensian text of that book. Stephens followed closely the fifth edition of Erasmus, with but slight and unimportant deviations on the authority of manuscripts. Beza in the same manner followed Stephens, and the Elzevirs reprinted from both; and thus originated our Common Text,—virtually a mere reproduction of that formed by Erasmus from the very few modern manuscripts which he possessed, and of which he did not even make the best use.

Thus terminates our first period,—the period, as we may term it, of continental activity. Our second transfers us for labours of this kind to our own country. It may be said to begin, and worthily, with the London Polyglott, which, although it only reprints the text of the third edition of Stephens, yet contains a more copious collection of critical materials, from manuscript and other sources, than had yet appeared. This great work was published in 1657, and was followed by a further accession of materials in the edition published at Oxford in 1675 by Dr. Fell. The latter is not in itself of much importance, but it prepared the way for the large work of Mill, which, after thirty years' labour on the part of the editor, appeared only a short time before his death, in the year 1707. Dr. Mill, while only reprinting the text of Stephens, brought together within the compass of one work, in something like order, and with some regard to their

relative importance, the accumulated materials of many preceding years. Not venturing himself to alter the received text, which was now regarded by Protestants with very much the same kind of reverence manifested by Roman Catholics towards the Vulgate, he yet did not refrain from expressing his opinion on what the text in places ought to be. The reluctance to interfere with the established text, however clearly it might be seen to be defective or wrong, manifested itself at this period much as it had done in the time of Jerome towards his "Improved Version;" as it had done towards Erasmus and towards Stephens, on account of their departure from the Vulgate; and Mill would probably have had to undergo no small amount of hostility and denunciation, had not his death so soon removed him from the scene. The same feeling continued to be manifested long after Mill's time, and indeed we have not altogether done with it yet, in connection either with the Greek itself or with our common English version. One early exception, however, deserves to be noticed. It is presented by Dr. E. Wells, who, between the years 1709 and 1719, published in successive parts a Greek text, actually revised on critical principles, and accompanied with a corrected English translation. A bolder hand still would doubtless have been put forth by Dr. R. Bentley. This famous scholar in the year 1716 issued his proposals for a new edition, with a text independently formed on manuscript authority. For many years, and amidst much angry opposition, he directed his efforts to this subject. He both collated manuscripts himself and got them collated for him by others; but yet the work never advanced far enough to be put to press. The last clear traces of its continued prosecution belong to the year 1629. Although Bentley, therefore, did not carry out his plan of a new edition, he yet greatly aided the general cause of New-Testament criticism, both by the materials which he collected, and by his able defence of critical principles, not then readily admitted, and, indeed, only since Griesbach's time much adopted or acted upon. The collation which Bentley procured of the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, now generally recognized as probably the oldest existing manuscript of the New Testament, is particularly to be mentioned as still the best representative of that manuscript within our reach, the edition of Muralt notwithstanding.

With Dr. Bentley ends our English period; and for another hundred years the task is prosecuted chiefly by continental scholars. It is sufficient to mention here the editions of Bengel, 1734; Wetstein, 1751-2; Matthæi, 1782-8; Griesbach, 2nd edition, 1796—1806; Scholz, 1830-6; Lachmann, 1842-50; Tischendorf, 2nd edition, 1849. It is not in our power, nor is it requisite, to speak in detail, in this place, of the labours of these several editors, all of whom are conspicuous, more or less, for the ability, learning and devotedness with which they have

pursued their object,—a remark which is especially applicable to Wetstein, Griesbach and Tischendorf. Nor is it necessary for us to dwell on the labours of a similar kind in England during this third period. Little, indeed, offers itself for notice; for although Kennicott and others laboured so diligently on the Older Scriptures, the criticism of the New Testament was left very much where it had been placed by Mill; nor can it even be said that the efforts of continental scholars met, in this country, with any very ready encouragement or sympathy, at least in the high places of the English Church.

It is now, therefore, evidently the *turn* of this country, as we have already suggested, to enter upon her century's work, in the same department of learning. There are some signs, perhaps, of the task being taken up; but still we have but little expectation that it can, or will, ever be prosecuted among us with the zeal and self-devotion which have characterized so many on foreign ground during the last hundred years. And, indeed, we may add, the same labour is no longer needed or possible,—the very fact that it has been done by some rendering the repetition of it no longer necessary. The author of the volume which has called forth these remarks, promises, however, it would seem, to make a fair beginning, and to “inaugurate” in no unworthy manner this new English period. We look for the edition which he has in hand with much interest, anticipating from him a work possessed of a distinct character of its own, and of considerable value, as presenting the very oldest New Testament text attainable from existing sources.

One object of the volume before us is, to give some account of the principles which the author has determined to follow, in the formation of his forthcoming text. We gather from his statements in this volume, and in a previously published Prospectus, that his design is to present us with the New Testament, “as received at the earliest period to which we can revert to obtain critical evidence.” The purpose of giving a new and independent text arose in the author's mind as long ago as 1838. Of Griesbach's text he evidently has a good opinion; but yet it does not fully satisfy him, as not entirely leaving the old received text. Nor does he find even the pages of Lachmann and Tischendorf sufficiently formed on the most ancient evidence alone, giving, at the same time, an adequate statement of authorities for and against particular readings. Here we may observe that it may very well be debated which plan is the more advantageous, to take the *Textus Receptus* as a basis, and form a new text upon it, as Griesbach has done and De Wette recommends; or, with Lachmann and Tischendorf, altogether to disregard the former, and reproduce only what is found in the oldest documents. Each course has some advantages. Dr. Tregelles strongly prefers the latter; and the general character of his work will be de-

terminated by this fact. Having, then, found the oldest obtainable text, he proposes to accompany it with selected *various readings* of a corresponding class. These, he tells us in his Prospectus, will be those, "1st, of *all* the more ancient Greek MSS.; most of these the editor has himself collated in libraries at Rome, Paris, Basle, Munich, Modena, Venice, London, Cambridge and Hamburg; and almost all the others he has collated with published fac-simile editions;—2nd, of all the ancient versions, most of which have required re-examination; and, 3rd, of the citations found in the earlier ecclesiastical writers. These are given very fully as far as the end of the third century (and so as to include Eusebius), and in cases of importance considerably later. The Latin version of Jerome is given mostly on the authority of the Codex Amiatinus of the sixth century, as collated by the editor himself."

Our author gives us a very interesting account of the editorial travels and labours referred to in the passage just quoted. As with his predecessors in the same field, these apparently dry and irksome studies have been the occasion of what would seem to have been much varied and pleasant journeying. Scholz and Tischendorf traversed a great part of Europe, and, indeed, did not leave either Africa or Asia unvisited, in search of manuscripts. So it is in the present case. Our limits prevent us from following the learned and industrious editor in his travels; but the following passage will give some account of the work in which he has thus been so long and so zealously engaged, and shew us the way in which the Papal authorities at Rome, reserving their thought and energy for such subjects as the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, leave the cause of sacred learning, when in the hands of a heretic, to shift for itself:—

"One principal object which I had in going abroad was to endeavour to collate for myself the Vatican MS., (B). This important document was collated for Bentley by an Italian named Mico, and this collation was published in 1799; it was subsequently collated (with the exception of the Gospels of Luke and John) by Birch. A third collation (made previously to either of these, in 1669), by Bartolucci, remains in MS. at Paris. As this is the most important of all New Testament MSS., I had compared the two published collations carefully with each other: I found that they differed in nearly two thousand places; many of these discrepancies were readings noticed by one and not by the other. I went to Rome, and during the five months that I was there I sought diligently to obtain permission to collate the MS. accurately, or at least to examine it in the places in which Birch and Bentley differ with regard to its readings. All ended in disappointment. I often *saw* the MS., but I was hindered from transcribing any of its readings. I read, however, many passages, and have since noted down several important readings. The following are of some moment: Rom. v. 1, *εχωμεν* is the original reading of the MS. (thus agreeing with the other more ancient MSS. etc.); a later hand has changed this into *εχομεν*. The

collations of Birch, Bentley, and Bartolucci, do not notice this passage. In Rom. viii. 11, the MS. reads *δια το εν οικουν αυτου πνευμα*: to notice this reading explicitly is of the more importance, because Griesbach and Scholz cite the Vatican MS. as an authority for the other reading (which, however, they reject), *δια του εν οικουντος αυτου πνευματος*.

* * * * *

"It is needless to dwell on the detail of my annoyances at the Vatican: there was one repetition of promises made and then broken;—hopes held out which came to nothing. All that I could actually do there, was through the real kindness of the late Cardinal Acton, whose efforts were unremitting to procure me access to the Vatican MS. Cardinal Acton at once obtained permission for me (which had been previously refused) to collate in the Bibliotheca Angelica. The introduction, etc., which I brought from Bishop (now Cardinal) Wiseman to Dr. Grant, then the Principal of the English College at Rome, was utterly useless. I must speak with gratitude of the efforts to aid my object on the part of Abbate Francesco Battelli, and of Dr. Joseph Nicholson (since Bishop of Hierapolis *in partibus*, and coadjutor to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Corfu)."—Account, pp. 156, 157.

We cannot close this short notice without referring to the earnest spirit in which Dr. Tregelles evidently pursues his labours. This, united with so much conscientious industry, we feel every disposition to believe will secure a successful execution of the task he has undertaken. Perhaps, however, we may add, his own peculiar orthodox creed is a little too much obtruded upon his readers,—as in the preface to the present volume, and in some other passages. But yet we cannot for a moment apprehend that it will unduly influence him in his critical judgments. And this confidence is warranted by the obvious fairness with which he has reconsidered the once disputed readings in 1 Tim. iii. 16, and Acts xx. 28, in both of which, although he takes the opportunity of distinctly informing us what his own creed is, he yet agrees in results with Griesbach. Nor can we find any very strong reason to dissent from his conclusion in regard to John i. 18, where he proposes to substitute *θεος* for the *υιος* of the common text. The authorities for the former have always been numerous; and the recent discovery of it in the Vatican manuscript and in the Codex Ephraim (in the former of which Dr. Tregelles informs us that he himself saw it, while in the latter it has been chemically brought to light), is sufficient to warrant us in reversing the decision of Griesbach and later editors, and placing for the first time in the text the words *μονογενης θεος*. Lachmann admitted to our author, as soon as the latter stated to him the new MS. authority in favour of *θεος*, the right of this word to stand in the text instead of *υιος*. It must be confessed that the resulting phrase has a strange and, shall we say, an unchristian sound; while yet it becomes sufficiently intelligible by reference to the Proem and whole conception of this Gospel.

Dr. Tregelles pleads ably for a new English version of the

New Testament, conformed to the critical results established during the last fifty years. We conclude our notice (leaving untouched many points in the volume on which we might have dwelt) by citing the following passage on the inconsistency and supineness of some modern translators:—

“How much has been done of late to put the Word of God into circulation, and to translate it into the tongues of Pagan nations! Would that this could be carried out tenfold more! But is it not at least remarkable that, as far as modern translations in general are concerned, all the labours of Critics have been in vain? If Scholars had been engaged in giving to the nations of India translations of Homer or Æschylus, it would not have been so; for they would instinctively have embodied the results of Criticism: is it not, then, strange that Christian Scholars should have so generally acted with less intelligence in translating into the tongues of such nations that infinitely more precious book, the New Testament? Are there *many* modern translations in which *any* results of Criticism have been introduced? What is the number of those in which 1 John v. 7, does not appear, and from which converts to Christianity would not think that verse to be a special ground for believing the infinitely precious doctrine of the Holy Trinity?

“It is a cause for thankfulness that the common Greek text is no worse than it is; but it is cause for *humiliation* (and with sober sadness do I write the word) that Christian translators have not acted with a more large-souled and intelligent honesty. There has, indeed, been honesty of purpose and deep devotedness, and hence the feeling of sadness is the deeper that there was not a fuller intelligence. A while ago this could not have been expected, but of late years it might reasonably have been demanded, and *now* it is not too much to ask for this from all engaged in publishing translations of Holy Scripture for the nations to whom the Gospel is carried forth. It is futile to plead that our English authorised version is based on a different text, and that translations for newly-evangelized nations ought not to differ from it: our English version was honestly executed before Critical Studies had properly begun; and to make it the *Standard of Criticism* shews as little intelligence, as if it were made the standard of translation. But, indeed, the latter error, puerile as it is, has been committed.” “And thus texts are quoted in discussion, as proving doctrines which rightly have no bearing on them at all. Are there none who still bring forward 1 John v. 7, in proof of the Trinity?”—Account, pp. 267, 268.

We know not whether Dr. Tregelles is acquainted with the corrected English version of the late Mr. Edgar Taylor; or with the new translation of Griesbach's text, by Mr. S. Sharpe; or with the more recent version of the First Epistle of John, after Lachmann's text, by Rev. B. Mardon. These might have served to shew him that there are some in this country as anxious as himself to represent in a popular form the *results* of criticism. But it were too much, perhaps, to expect such exceptions to be prominently acknowledged in this volume. We wish it could be otherwise, and even hope to live long enough to see the day when it is so!

SYLVESTER JUDD.*

MR. JUDD was an earnest Christian minister, and an author of much originality and talent. His Discourses on the Church, published since his death, have already received a brief notice in our pages. (C. R., Vol. X. p. 758.) He is better known to the general reader by his fictions,—“Margaret,” and “Richard Edney,” and his poem of “Philo,” which, from their singularity and genius, have elicited a remarkable variety of criticism in his own country, and should be read by all who desire to become acquainted with genuine American literature. This memoir is edited by “Arethusa Hall,” apparently his cousin, who expresses the deepest love and the most profound reverence for his character. Under the influence of these emotions, she has allowed the volume to contain much that might with propriety have been spared. Mr. Judd says, “You will sometimes bring up pearls from mud, diamonds from sand;” but an editor, whose duty it is to sift, need not bring the mud and sand before the reader. And yet there was such apparent inequality and incongruity in the excellent man of whom she writes, that a very guarded memoir would not have given a correct impression of him. Some of the eccentricities which we think marred the great beauty of his character, are to be attributed to the discord which so long existed between his nature and the system under which he was educated. There are some who deprecate any controversy with Calvinism, as though it were altogether defunct; whilst others, admiring the hot zeal of those who were struggling as out of hell-fire, have a half-fondness for its five points as a necessary spur for sluggish consciences. As our architects are returning to the solemn gloom of dark Gothic structures, as a mode of cherishing religious awe, so some of our theologians have a hankering for the effects which the terrific dogmas of the sternest Puritans occasionally produced. We think that this memoir of Mr. Judd will both prove that Calvinism is not extinct, and that, for the sake of some of the most truly religious minds, it is desirable that a creed which dwells on rebellion, hatred and blood, should be superseded by the gospel of love.

Sylvester Judd was born July 23, 1813, at Westhampton, an agricultural “town”† near the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts. Its rugged wildness is very picturesque, but is unfavourable for tillage. Many parts of it are comparatively deserted,

* Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd; with a Portrait and Vignette of his Parsonage. 12mo. Pp. 540. Boston—Crosby, Nichols and Co.; New York—C. S. Francis and Co. 1854.

† In New England, the States are divided into *counties*, these again into *towns*. *Town*, like our *township*, does not refer to houses, but to land. What we call *towns* are there called *villages*; unless they are incorporated, when they become *cities*.

as the young men now go elsewhere to seek their fortunes. Its seclusion was favourable to that individuality and eccentricity which we think is usually less common in gregarious America than in England, where, although population is denser, every man's house is his castle.

Sylvester inherited the name of his father, who was a social, shrewd, observant man, with an earnest love of knowledge; so that, when a young man, he invested all his spare money in books, and for many successive years commonly occupied the midnight hours in their perusal. He kept a "store" (shop), but afterwards found the more congenial occupation of editor of a newspaper. His mother had ill-health, yet such energy and resolution, that she was the life and spring of the home, and her children fondly thought nothing impossible with her: she had also great taste and refinement of feeling. Whatever may have been the errors of his early training, Sylvester always felt deeply indebted to his parents, and "the family" seemed to him as sacred as "the church."

He was sent as a child to the common school; and at the sabbath school was instructed in the Assembly's Catechism, especially in the doctrine of original sin.

"At the close of the afternoon sermon," he "took part in the public catechizing; the children being arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, with the minister in the pulpit at the head, and the elderly people occupying the neighbouring pews. Here was the Noon-house,—a small building near the school-house, where several elderly men and women went on sabbath noons, and ate their dinner, and had a prayer. His father's house was also open on sabbath noons, for as many as it would contain, of the people living too remote from church to go to their homes in the interval of service. Here the venerable old grandfather and grandmother in an old-fashioned chaise, followed by a young aunt and other members of the family in a small wagon, were seen driving up* in early hour for church service, as regularly as the sabbath came, from his farm two or three miles distant. And in the father's parlour at noon were gathered the grandparents and particular friends and relatives of the family, when they partook of a cold collation of nut-cakes and cheese, and other articles of food that could be prepared beforehand (for there, in those times, as little was done on the sabbath between sun and sun as possible),—snuffed snuff, smoked pipes, talked of the weather, births, deaths, health, sickness, and so forth."—Pp. 10, 11.

This gives a pleasant picture of the culture of social affections; but the culture was carried on under an iron sky. There was no sunshine or smile. Even the irrepressible laugh was as serious

* Near many of the country churches in America, we saw large sheds for the accommodation of the "wagons" (light four-wheeled carts): in one of them we counted about thirty divisions for this purpose. The second service is usually in the afternoon. It is still common, in rural districts, to make no dinner on Sunday, but to partake of a hearty tea on return from church.

and constrained and penitent as possible; and Sylvester remembered that the boys used to hurra at the setting of the sabbath sun.

When he was nine years old, his father removed to the adjoining town of Northampton; but the stern Calvinistic spirit still tyrannized over him. He says, in relation to this period:

“Religion, which as a subject of thought often engaged my attention, and as a subject of feeling deeply interested my heart, was a mystery to me. It was a fundamental article of my belief, that I could not become religious, until I was made so by an extraneous and special operation. Still I earnestly longed for the one thing needful. I can but allude to the irrepressible desire, the cravings of my heart, for a full participation in the religious feeling. But the influences of my creed came over my spirit like an autumnal frost, and sealed up the fountains of emotion. Abused Nature did not always remain silent under her injuries. She poured her complaints into my ear, with a voice that I should not have disregarded. But the prejudice of education rendered these monitions powerless upon my reason and convictions. I supposed myself totally depraved; and thus was my earlier youth passed without being permitted to indulge in its proper sensibilities.

“The works of God were all perverted to me. They were dispossessed of their highest—their religious beauty. When I fished by the river-side, when I rambled in the woods, when my fancy led me to a favourite hill-top that overhangs as lovely a landscape as our continent embraces, I thought this world was beautiful; I thought it beneficent in its uses; I felt that there was a unison between the scene around me and my own heart. But then I knew that my own nature was cursed, and that the earth had been cursed; and I supposed that this harmony was depraved, or at least that there was nothing desirable about it; and I did not allow myself to cherish it as much as I wished, nor with that delight which it has since afforded me. I used to repine almost, that I had not lived with Adam in Paradise, when the earth was *really* beautiful, and man's nature could properly sympathize with its charms. I used to hope that I might live to see the millennium, when this double curse would be removed, and men would be restored to the true enjoyment of nature. I looked up to the stars at night; I supposed that they had not been cursed. While my imagination would be revelling in the idea of their number and distances, my heart would throw itself abroad, and mingle somewhat in spirituality with the infinite God who made them. I felt something of humility, something of adoration, something of love; but I had not been converted. Of course my feelings were not religion. There could be no right harmony between my heart and the unsullied glories of God's handy-work which thronged the firmament.”
Pp. 16, 17.

The schools in New England were then very different from what they have since become, mainly through the influence of those who held a more enlightened faith. In a lecture he delivered in Northampton, many years afterwards, he says:

“Many of us were taught our rudiments in the old grammar school-house, whose square roof and low walls, with its broken windows and

loosened clap-boards, still survive to kindle our recollections. There was little study, but an iron discipline. Instead of instruction for the mind, were the ferule and switch for the hand and the back. There were school-hating and truant-loving. For philosophical experiments, the combined skill of the school was employed in constructing a fire of green logs, and keeping it active during the day. Perhaps there were better things than these. But these things were. I wish indeed I could allude to that old building with a better tribute to its memory." P. 18.

He had subsequently more general instruction, chiefly at private schools, and made respectable progress. When he was thirteen years of age, there was a "revival" in the town, and he entered into its scenes of stirring interest and solemn devotion with great enthusiasm. He believed himself happy in the free exercise of a new heart, and was satisfied on his election being secured. "He, with others, often held meetings in a barn; where, mounted on a barrel's head, he would put forth earnest appeals to his playmates to forsake sin and enter the pathway of eternal life. There was in his prayers an unction which moved the hearts of those even of maturer age." He did not, however, unite with the church till another revival about five years afterwards.

When he was about sixteen, as the narrow circumstances of his family prevented him from pursuing his studies, he was obliged to serve in a shop. He made earnest efforts to succeed; but he was evidently not adapted for trade. "He became irritated and depressed. His religion, which was then probably more an impulse than a principle, was not found sufficient for the emergency." He felt intense shame at his want of success and self-command, and was tempted to go to sea. At last, however, arrangements were made to enable him to attend an academy, and subsequently to go to Yale College (New Haven, Connecticut), the rival of Harvard (Cambridge). To reduce his expenses, he made his journeys on foot and taught in schools. A kind lady invited him to board with her for more than a term. He was obliged, however, notwithstanding the most rigid economy, to borrow money to meet his bills.

The following scene is not exclusively transatlantic:

"The College-bell wakes us at six in the morning, when we hurry on our clothes, wash in a hurry, and hurry to the chapel for prayers; some buttoning their vests, some tying their handkerchiefs, and all with the sleepy scales scarcely loosened from their eyes. This is too much a formality, I fear, in which religion is too solemnly mocked, but by which it is known that all the students are up and ready for recitation, which immediately ensues."—P. 39.

A few months after entering College, he inscribed in his journal a solemn consecration of himself, in accordance with a practice not uncommon with some religious persons (*vid.*, e.g., Belsham's

Memoirs): this he resolved to read considerably and prayerfully at least once a week. Shortly after he again felt the discord between his reason and his received faith, which greatly agitated him. His religious feelings compelled him to do all he could to cherish piety in himself and others; and sometimes, under the influence of his old opinions, he tried to stifle his doubts by ebullitions of zeal which made him unpopular with many of his cooler fellow-students. These were followed by reactions of morbid gloom, in which he condemned himself for hypocrisy. He was too sensitive to reveal his inward conflicts, for fear of the painful opposition they might awaken; and he sank at times into deep despondency. His studies, however, were not neglected, and he obtained many tokens of successful scholarship.

On leaving this University, in 1836, he taught a private school in Templeton, where he became acquainted with some Unitarians, with whose views he found that he had considerable sympathy; and this led him to decline a professorship in an orthodox college in Ohio. His school was under orthodox patronage, and with his changed opinions he felt it honest to resign his charge, and he returned home disappointed, disheartened, and almost broken down. He felt that he should be looked on by his family and friends as a weak-minded apostate, who had better first have died. "Moaning around the house, he would go with hardly life enough to drag himself up and down stairs, sometimes humming in heart-piercing tones, "Oh! where shall rest be found?" or, "Hast thou not *one* blessing for me, O my Father?" (P. 79.) It cannot be said that his change was made rashly; for many years he had struggled with what he deemed a temptation; and before he made any open avowal of his convictions, he read through his Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse. With the whole word of God, as he thought, on his side, he felt ready to meet the world. (P. 119.)

To explain his position, "he prepared for the private use of his father's family a manuscript, which he entitled 'Cardiagraphy.' It is dated 'Northampton, June, 1837;' and twelve years later he writes to a friend in relation to it—"On none of the points have my views undergone any change.'" At length, therefore, his soul had returned unto its rest. He first impresses on his friends that (though he was in some respects altered) for the fundamentals of religion, the happiness of man and the glory of God, he strove as ardently as ever. Although he had carefully examined Scripture for the evidences of truth, he scarcely quotes a single text in this paper. The doctrine of the Trinity was secondary in the order and interest of his inquiries. He felt more concerned with the doctrines of human nature, on which he felt that he was at liberty to form an opinion from his own consciousness. Perhaps a little of the old orthodox leaven of denunciation may be detected in part of the following paragraph:

"He who knowingly transgresses the laws of his nature, rebels against God. You will see then that that religion, that doctrine, that proposition of any sort, which contradicts my consciousness, must be contradictory to the laws of my nature, contradictory to reason, contradictory to God. It opposes all true religion, for that is founded on God: it is impious, it is absurd. It is not 'mysterious and incomprehensible:' it is absolutely false. I cannot estimate the wickedness of the man who freely embraces it; and will only add that, though it may present many attractions, its house will be found in the way of hell, going down to the chambers of death.

"To speak more immediately of my present religious sentiments. I am emerging, or rather have emerged, from the abyss of doubt and universal scepticism. I was infidel—to what? To the great points of Calvinism. But Calvinism, it was said, was most assuredly the religion of the Bible: and God was the author of the Bible, and of that religion. Here then was the struggle. The prejudices of my education, the sermons I continually heard, the authority of the multitude, of the learned, of antiquity, the menace of everlasting perdition that hung over a spirit of doubt, had infused into me a *nature*, so to speak, which must accord with Calvinism. Soon another nature, my earlier original nature, began to rise within me. It asserted its claims to supremacy in my heart. It uttered its stern notes of remonstrance and reprehension at my self-immolation on the altar of prescription. I listened to its voice, and felt that it was the voice of reason and conscience. But I dared not think for myself freely. I dared not act independently. Still the strife continued. 'Tis painful now to think of it, and still more painful would it be to give you the details of days and weeks and months of agonized conflict. At last however I did yield. My original nature conquered its foe. But it was not at first a victory of subjugation, but seemingly of utter extermination. In losing Calvinism, I seemed to have lost my Bible, my religion, and my God. But an unseen hand was guiding me. The spirit of the true God was upon me. I was led to examine the Bible, to see *what* it contained. I found my God there. I was led to look upon the works of his creation, the heavens and the earth; and I found him there. My God, my Bible, my religion, were returned to me, and I was happy. I record this with the most profound gratitude to Him who is the author of all light, truth and blessedness."—Pp. 83—85.

We wish our limits would allow us to quote from this interesting document, passages which forcibly portray the horrors resulting from the doctrines of Original Sin and Total Depravity, and the blissful influences of a religion of light, liberty and love. A year or two afterwards, the American Unitarian Association induced him to publish, as one of their tracts, "A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism."

The agony through which he had passed, his involuntary scepticism, his attempts to conceal his inward state from his friends, and to shake off the consciousness of it from himself, had produced very injurious effects on one by nature so sensitive. But when these tormenting disquietudes were over, and he had freely unbosomed himself to his family, his gentle tenderness returned,

and for a while he seemed to breathe the atmosphere of love. It was some years, however, before he attained the cheerful hopefulness which afterwards characterized him.

He now entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and went through the regular theological course, which extends over three years. He was partly aided by the liberality of a Boston gentleman of wealth, who lent a hundred dollars a-year to a student, without interest, to be returned or not according to convenience. Mr. Judd, by strict economy, had afterwards the pleasure of repaying it out of his salary.

His Unitarian opinions were far from rendering him indifferent to the evil of sin. He was contrite for actual sin, instead of despairing through imaginary imputed sin. He writes,—

“I have learned now, what I could never reconcile or understand before, what the true malignity of sin is. It is not that I was born with a defiled nature; but that, differently constituted, I do sin. I sin with angels, not with devils; and this afflicts me with a prostration of soul, with an utter self-humiliation and condemnation.”—P. 159.

Yet he sought rather the loving than the weeping mood. Dissatisfaction was not an abiding state; he felt that he and others less required continual rebuke than hopeful encouragement, to become better. He was fortunate in having as one of his professors the late Henry Ware, Jun., who held what we deem the truths of the gospel in a truly evangelical spirit. Dr. W.’s views on religious and moral reform had a great influence on the students. The subject of Peace occupied the minds of the young men, and the views which Mr. Judd now acquired, he afterwards maintained in a very uncompromising and fearless manner.

He thought the Unitarians had too little fervour. He held that it was the end of our being to unfold itself to divine influences, and to become a partaker of the divine nature; and if the soul had this true life, he supposed that it would often display it in holy sympathies. He was therefore instrumental in establishing private meetings for prayer among his fellow-students. He notes in his journal (in which, for about seventeen years, he made record of many of his religious emotions for his own private use):

“Nov. 1, *half-past ten, evening*.—Our prayer meeting continued to this moment. Conversation took a deep, searching, and exceedingly interesting character. Our prayers were most earnest. Our souls seemed very near heaven. We melted into love and holiness. God was most especially present. Our hearts were softened, cheered—all holiest purposes quickened. To God, my God, my Father, commend I my soul this night. Holiest One, I am thine, for ever thine.”—P. 165.

Those who are raised to the heavens on the sea of emotion go down again to the depths; and it is evident that his overwrought sensibilities often induced great melancholy; but sweet rays of comfort relieved him from the despair which attended these reac-

tions in his Calvinistic days. He felt himself a better and a calmer man.

Mr. Judd left Cambridge when he was twenty-seven years of age. Few young men have entered our ministry with a wider and deeper preparation, either of intellect or heart. As a student, he appears to have been fairly distinguished; but many of his studies were of a nature to be displayed rather in his subsequent writings, than in college examination papers. His mind was active and inquiring, and books were by no means his only food of thought. He was continually deriving unexpected suggestions from what he saw and heard.

"An early habit of his was making use of little note-books, or a piece of paper folded up small, which he had always about him, on which he jotted down, as it came before his mind, anything he wished particularly to retain. It was one of the most common things, day by day, to see him quietly take from his pocket one of these bits of paper, and, with pencil, briefly note down some talismanic words as it seemed; for rarely any eye but his own ever lighted on these scraps of thought or items of knowledge. From some little specimens it appears that they were sometimes pithy remarks of individuals, put down verbatim; sometimes a peculiar development of human nature, or something illustrating the philosophy of mind; sometimes a broad truth uttered by his father; often something by way of self-inspection; perhaps an unusual word that he chanced to hear; a valuable reflection upon something that had fallen under his notice; a question for consideration; an historical fact; critical distinctions; or an expression of wit or humour."—Pp. 435, 436.

He was very anxious to become perfect master of his own language, and from youth devoted great attention to Webster's English Dictionary, in the margin of which he wrote opposite many words all the synonyms he could anywhere find. "To this course of study may be attributed Mr. Judd's power over language, the richness and variety of his expressions, and his use of so many terms to him familiar as household words, though to many of his readers unknown, and seemingly strange and far-fetched." We confess that it seems to us a doubtful benefit, when a popular teacher forgets the received usage of speech: the frequent presence of words that are out of use, or which have never come into use, gives to Mr. Judd's writings more oddity than grace. It is a pity that he did not enrich his own mind, without bewildering ordinary mortals, who like to read books in their mother tongue.

Immediately on the termination of his theological studies, Mr. Judd went to Augusta, Maine, which was the scene of his subsequent labours as a Christian minister. The portion of his life in which he strove to embody the gospel of love, appears to us more beautiful than that which was darkened by the "hereditary depravity" of a terrible creed; and we purpose to describe it in a future number.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY DEAN, MINISTER AT PADIHAM,
WHO DIED FEB. 7, 1855, AGED 35 YEARS.

MAKE no weeping for him ! Sorely tried,
Every burden he now hath laid down ;
The dark Angel was but his guide
Where the cross is exchanged for the crown.

In meekness and pureness of heart
At the call of his Master he came,
In simplicity "chose the good part,"
And kept it unspotted from shame.

Serenely he stood by the truth,
And the truth stood serenely by him,
And with hopes brighter far than of youth
Cheered him on when earth's lights were all dim.

A poor man, he preached to the poor
The glad tidings God's mercy hath given,
Bade them trust in that word which stands sure,
And labour as labouring for heaven.

In weakness his work he still plied,
And shewed truest strength where to gain ;
Patience smiled to the last at his side,
And lit up the wan look of pain.

For his wife and his little ones dear
He could not but sorrowful be ;
Yet calmly he said, " Without fear
I leave them, my Father, to Thee !"

Though lowly his lot, and his name
Not a breath of world-honour might win,
Higher title who is there can claim
Than " the servant that faithful has been " ?

Make no weeping for him—he's at peace !
Rejoice—to the Father he's gone !
O when from our labours we cease,
With him may we hear the " Well done !"

W. G.

A LETTER TO THE REV. FRANKLIN HOWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have no desire to question your sincerity in writing the Letter which you have recently addressed “to the Friends assembling for Worship in the Commercial Buildings, Bury;” but I feel myself called upon to notice briefly the assumptions in which it abounds and the glaring inconsistency it manifests, because I have good reason for knowing that such assumptions and inconsistency, though by no means worthy of attention in themselves, are, if not subject to timely correction, likely to mislead the unwary.

See, first, what I have called your “*glaring inconsistency*.”

In one part of your Letter, you lay down a principle of judgment, and ground upon it your belief and practice as a Christian, which principle you thoroughly repudiate in every other part. That principle, which I think to be both just and obligatory, ought to be maintained with the stricter tenacity in proportion to the importance of the subjects to which it is applied: you, however, hold it in connection with what is comparatively a thing of little moment, and reject it when you are engaged with what you and I should alike regard as fundamental.

The principle is this: that what is only “matter of inference” should be carefully distinguished from that which has the “direct sanction” of the New Testament in its favour, the latter only being received as distinctly revealed. It is on this ground that you reject the baptism of infants, “and recognize baptism as an ordinance required of believers, and of believers only” (p. 8).

Without stopping to consider the propriety of your judgment in this particular case, let me only ask you to observe how entirely every one of your previous judgments is set aside by the like application of your principle. Look at your arguments for the godhead of Christ in pages 6 and 7. Is it not a “matter of inference” only that the quotation in Heb. i. 10, applies to Christ? The name of Christ is not mentioned in immediate connection with it, and you will not venture to deny or dispute that an abrupt change of speaker or hearer is by no means uncommon in the Jewish sacred writings. It need not surprise us, therefore, to find such a change here; and it is only a “matter of inference” (and I honestly question the correctness of that inference) that Heb. i. 10 refers to Christ. As to Coloss. i. 16, 17, is it not a *mere inference* (a most unwarrantable inference, I believe it to be) that Christ is there identified with the Great Creator of the universe? In John i. 1—3, what right have you to conclude that “the Word” which “was with God” and “was God,” means Christ? I deny altogether the correctness of such conclusion: but even could its correctness be established, it must be by *inference only*. Again, John i. 14 teaches the incarnation of “the Word,” but it is a mere inference to say, as you do, that it teaches “the incarnation of the Son of God.” In fact, it does no such thing. In John iii. 13, or v. 21—23, there is no *declaration* of the godhead of Christ. I cannot see how such a doctrine can be legitimately *inferred* from either of these passages; but, if legitimate, it is still *only inferred*. John xii. 41, does not even contain the citation on which your argument for Christ’s godhead rests; so that your application of that citation to the purpose in hand is in the nature of an inference from an inference. And yet—(I can hardly believe my eyes when I record

the fact)—these passages, together with one coming under the same category, but not adduced until after the conclusion has been drawn, viz., 1 John v. 20,—these are positively the *only* passages adduced by you in proof of the godhead of Christ: a doctrine of which you profess that it was to you “a great difficulty to receive it,” but add, “still, if I must believe the teaching of the Scriptures, and allow them to speak for themselves, I must receive the doctrine of Christ’s oneness with Jehovah, the eternal God.” Why *must* you? I ask. You have not brought forward any direct “teaching of the Scriptures,” nor is it possible for you to bring forward any. In what single passage does the Scripture *declare* this godhead of Christ? Not one which you have adduced *declares* it. It is in every one of your quotations only a “matter of inference;” and in connection with a subject of far less importance, you have seen fit to reject what you consider only “a matter of inference,” as having “no direct sanction” in the New Testament. You are bound as a man and a Christian to reconcile this glaring inconsistency. I respectfully but earnestly invite you to do so.

Look next at your *assumptions*.

Your entire arguments, pp. 5, 6, would lead any one to imagine that Unitarian Christians ascribe their Christian privileges and hopes to their own merits, and not to the grace of God through faith in Christ. You ought to know better than this. No allegation could possibly be more directly contrary to the truth; nor do you cite a single passage to which the Unitarian Christian does not attach as distinct ideas of God’s goodness, and with which he does not connect as grateful feelings, as any of his fellow-christians can possibly do. Then what an unwarrantable assumption is that which you make when you affirm that “many passages of Scripture speak of the Holy Spirit in language not applicable to a mere influence, but appropriate only to a real living agent”! (p. 7). Have you never read a tract by the late Dr. Henry Ware, entitled, “Meaning of the Phrase Holy Spirit”? In this tract he proves to demonstration that such language as you refer to is *actually applied* in Scripture to a mere influence and to inanimate objects, and therefore is *not* “appropriate only to a real living agent.” Pray correct this unwarrantable statement as soon as you can.

Nor do your unfounded assumptions relate only to matters of scriptural interpretation. You are quite as ready to take for granted the superiority of your present faith over the faith of Unitarian Christians in connection with their respective practical and spiritual agencies. But you cannot help falling again into your (I fear) habitual inconsistency. You allege (p. 11) that the system which you have felt it your duty thus to renounce, “is adorned with many of the most amiable and honourable of persons;” yet you immediately afterwards affirm that, “while it may be suited for the respectable moralities and amenities of an easy passage through life, it does not meet the fearful struggles of a convulsed moral nature,” and that you “cannot but regard it as defective and erroneous.” What do you mean? Have Unitarians, then, a special exemption from worldly or spiritual trial and conflict? Is their moral nature different from that of their fellow-men? Is their passage through life always easy? And whence comes, in their instance, the integrity, the love “most delightful and touching,” the perseverance, the readiness for every good work, which entitles some of them to rank

among "the most amiable and honourable of persons"? You will be puzzled, I think, to "unravel the mystery of human life" in regard to your Unitarian brethren, however clearly you may understand it in regard to other men.

But I wonder how you could dare thus to speak of Unitarianism and its confessors. You cannot surely have forgotten the illustrious names of Priestley and Lindsey, and the sacrifices *they* made and the sufferings *they* endured in the cause of Christian truth. Nay, it has been your privilege, not less than my own, to be a witness of such sacrifice and endurance in the instance of some eminent Unitarian confessors now living, whose devotion to God and Christ you can only reduce to a level with "the respectable moralities and amenities of an easy passage through life," by secularizing all religion and contradicting all true Christian experience. I am shocked unfeignedly that, with what you know or might have known, you should have allowed yourself to make such reflections; appealing to the ignorance of the prejudiced vulgar, which you thereby render more dense and bigoted, instead of doing honour to a religious fidelity and zeal which you once revered, but which you have now lost the power of appreciating. I have just before urged you to correct an unwarrantable *statement*; I now still more earnestly adjure you to correct a far more unwarrantable *judgment*.

There *are* those, indeed, to whom the deficiencies which you allege against Unitarians may be justly imputed;—men who have once run well, but who have been hindered so as to shew themselves no longer obedient to the truth;—men who have wearied of the desertion and obloquy which they have been called to suffer in preaching or professing their faith in Christ crucified,—who have fainted beneath the cross which a manly avowal of their most sacred convictions required them to bear,—and who have taken refuge from the odium attaching to their distinctive tenets, by claiming for themselves a freedom which the gospel nowhere warrants, to hold the truth in abeyance, if not in unrighteousness. There have been those again who, after the fashion of the Nicene age, have engrafted on the simplicity of the gospel a self-imposed *asceticism*, and as a consequence have gradually lost sight of the characteristic reasonableness and power of Christianity. I do not venture to affirm that you are yourself to be placed in this category; but your zealous and somewhat exclusive devotion to the principles of "total abstinence," has exposed you, to say the least of the matter, to the danger of what an acute observer long ago wisely and wittily described as "preaching the *pump* and not the *cross*."

And now, my dear Sir, let me respectfully commend my remarks to your serious consideration; though I have certainly written them for the sake of others rather than of yourself, feeling myself constrained to enter a public protest against what I deem your misrepresentations. Far, very far, be it from me to impugn your motives while censuring your judgment. "To his own Master each one of us standeth or falleth." I entertain no personal hostility towards you; and I withhold my name, of which my arguments are quite independent, only in order that the weight of those arguments may not be lessened by the influence of any painful feelings towards myself in the minds of you and your friends.

ALIIQUIS.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *A Letter to the Friends assembling for Worship at the Commercial Buildings, Bury.* By Franklin Howorth. London—W. Tweedie.
2. *A Letter to the Unitarians of Bury on occasion of the Rev. F. Howorth's Avowal of his Conversion to Trinitarianism.* By John Wright, B.A. Bury—B. Glover.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Howorth's name has not frequently appeared in the pages of this Magazine, we presume that he is known to our readers as the former Unitarian minister first of Rochdale and afterwards of Bury, in Lancashire, and as latterly the pastor of a nondescript religious society assembling at the "Commercial Buildings" in the latter town. Wherever he was personally known, he was much beloved as a kind-hearted man, very anxious to do good, and especially interested in the works of benevolence common to Domestic Missionaries, members of the Peace Society, and the supporters of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. As a theologian he never at any period of his life took any rank. Except on a limited range of subjects connected with the philanthropic schemes just enumerated, his opinions were but little known even to the members of his own congregation. After having been many years connected with the Unitarian congregation at Bury, it appeared to some of them that the absence of distinct doctrinal and scriptural instruction was to be lamented, and that the consequence would be injurious to the younger generation, who would grow up without any clear knowledge of the religious opinions which were practically the bond of union of the Silver-Street congregation. The mode in which Mr. Howorth met this expression of a religious want, was to open his pulpit to neighbouring Unitarian ministers, who exchanged with him, and preached to his hungering and thirsting people what they regarded as the great truths of Scripture. Mr. Howorth's own preaching, during the last year or two of his connection with the Unitarians, became on doctrinal subjects somewhat cloudy and mystical, and gave little satisfaction to the bulk of his hearers. At length the long growing feeling of alienation on both sides came to a head. A misunderstanding between himself and the Committee, on a lecture announced to be given in the chapel by him on Total Abstinence, led to his resignation, and, after an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the congregation to induce him to withdraw his resignation, to the immediate cessation of his services at Silver Street. Mr. Howorth opened what he called a Free Christian Church in Bury. He was followed by a few members of his late congregation, chiefly Sunday-school teachers and members of the Total Abstinence Society, and he was also joined by a few others. Except as far as the Sunday-school was concerned, the secession from Silver Street consequent on Mr. Howorth's withdrawal was quite insignificant. Early in the present year, after having continued the experiment for little more than eighteen months of occupying neutral and independent ground, Mr. Howorth addressed to his little flock a discourse stating his abandonment of Unitarian opinions and his acceptance of Trinitarianism. Here, we suppose, the Free Christian Church system comes to an end at Bury, and Mr. Howorth will range himself with some of the existing

"orthodox" religious organizations, or, if he can find none exactly meeting his views, will become the founder of a new religious denomination. Wherever he goes, or whatever name he bears, we do not doubt he will do much good, and as a kind-hearted philanthropist he will ever command our respect and esteem. Not content with declaring the fact of his entrance on new theological ground to his flock and immediate neighbours, Mr. Howorth proclaims it to the world by publishing the Letter of which we give the title above. This Letter is, we have reason to suppose, the substance of the discourse referred to. In it he gives a brief sketch of his ministerial education and life, and records his disappointment in not having succeeded in rousing into activity the religious life of his congregation. He then describes his formation of a "Free Christian Church." And here occurs a somewhat remarkable statement: "Pursuing this course" (i.e., taking Scripture as his only guide and authority), "I have given during the last eighteen months very great attention to the study of the Scriptures,—*far more attention, in fact, than in any previous portion of my life.*" This statement is, we do not doubt, correct; but it opens to our view an amount of unfaithfulness (we can find no milder word to express our idea) to the duties of his previous position, which we cannot regard without expressing disapprobation. He was the professed religious instructor of a large and intelligent congregation; he knew that some of them were anxious to receive from him scriptural and doctrinal instruction; he also knew that on two important points, viz., the Pre-existence of Christ and the Atonement, his opinions were diverging widely from those commonly accepted by his flock; and yet, under such strong inducements to aim at a more satisfactory position by the systematic study of the Scriptures, he treated them with comparative neglect, bestowing on them far less attention than that which they have received from him during the last eighteen months (under circumstances of far less moral pressure). Now, if such were the case during the other portions of his Unitarian pastoral life, we cannot wonder that it was less fruitful than he expected and wished. In connection with this part of the case, we desire to quote a passage from Mr. Wright's admirable Letter:*

"He complains that his efforts to establish meetings for devotion, &c., did not succeed amongst us—and that he was disheartened by meeting with a want of zeal. Did this arise from the influence of our distinctive principles? I am told Mr. Howorth never taught those principles in a clear and definite form—that he took no pleasure in doctrinal disquisition—that he left you to draw your own conclusions from a vague use of Scriptural terms. If there be any truth in this, his success or failure was no criterion of the value of our doctrines. Let them only be plainly put forth in a definite, positive form, without unnecessary controversy, and then see what will be the result on individuals. There will follow, I verily believe, a religious earnestness, and a living piety—but probably this will not display itself in the same form as in some other denominations. Nothing but disappointment can arise from the attempt to engraft on our people institutions and practices alien to their peculiar wants and feelings, servilely imitated from other sects, and not suited to our habits and modes of thought. Every sect and every congregation must

* Mr. Wright's Letter is as superior to Mr. Howorth's in spirit as it is in argument. Mr. Wright's friends could not do better than imitate the conduct of their neighbours at Manchester, in the controversy between Mr. Stowell and Mr. Gaskell, and stitch and circulate together the attack and defence.

develop its own plans and institutions; they must grow up naturally from its peculiar wants and powers, they cannot be artificially introduced into it, and forced, when thus transplanted, into a hasty growth and an unseasonable maturity. As well might you censure Protestants because they do not show the asceticism of Catholicism; or Christians, because they do not exhibit the self-immolations of Brahminism, as condemn Unitarianism, because we have not the prayer-meetings and love-feasts of the Methodists. The Christian Spirit may co-exist with various manifestations; let one member beware how it attempt to separate from the body another member, because it has a different office from itself."—Pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Howorth assigns two different classes of arguments for his change of faith; the first is scriptural, the second is the religious unfruitfulness of Unitarianism. As to the Scriptures, adduced by him as the justification of his Trinitarianism, we need say nothing, beyond asking attention to the letter which precedes this article, and which is from the pen of one whose name, were we permitted to give it, would add no little weight to his arguments. But we cannot leave unnoticed a statement of Mr. Howorth's, from which a very erroneous estimate might and probably will be formed of Unitarian doctrine:

"In the course of time" (this was during his Unitarian days) "I was led, particularly by passages in the Gospel of John and in the Epistles of Paul, to believe in the doctrine of his (Christ's) pre-existence, and in the acceptance of the sinner through his death; and thus *the death of Christ appeared to my mind as somewhat different from a mere martyrdom*, in being, in some undefined way, an important link in the means of the sinner's salvation."—P. 4.

If Mr. Howorth were accustomed to teach that the death of Christ was a mere martyrdom, most Unitarians would regard his teaching as defective and unscriptural. The death of Christ was necessary to his resurrection. Without his death, the great fact and doctrine of the gospel (the fact of Christ's resurrection and the doctrine of a general resurrection) could not have been brought to light. Viewed in connection with the resurrection, the Unitarian Christian therefore regards the death of Christ as an important but *not* "undefined link" in the means of salvation.

A careful and repeated perusal of Mr. Howorth's Letter has given us an increased sense of the mischievous, pharisaic and uncharitable influence of "orthodoxy." How soon and how effectually has it wrought its evil work on this guileless and unquestionably kind and gentle man! After being for more than thirty years in what he now regards as a state of error and alienation from Christ, he has learnt, after a few months' study, to talk and write as glibly as any one long persuaded of the infallibility of his ideas,—speaking of the Atonement as "the doctrine of the Cross,"—of his own views being the only possible interpretation of Scripture "taken fairly and honestly;" and his former faith he can now denounce to the world as "defective and erroneous, neither true to scripture nor to man's nature." The decisiveness of Mr. Howorth's conclusions is in painful contrast with the feebleness of his premises. After so long a profession of different opinions, and so comparatively short a period of study and deliberation, one would have expected from the anxious and impartial student of Scripture, and Scripture only, some hesitation—some careful balancing of opposing texts and arguments—some attempt to explain the texts which declare the sole Deity of the Father, and the inferiority and human nature of the

Son. Is this treating Scripture "fairly and honestly"? We think not; and we suspect that Mr. Howorth has had, during his twice nine months' gestation, other counsellors than the evangelists and apostles, and consulted other authorities than "the Scriptures only." The passage in which Mr. Howorth (p. 11) speaks of Unitarianism as "suited for the respectable moralities and amenities of an easy passage through life," contains a sneer which its author never learnt from that gentle Teacher of *morality* who delivered the Sermon on the Mount. We are sure Mr. Howorth cannot mean that true religion can dispense with morality or amenity, whether the passage of life be easy or difficult; but if this be not his meaning, it will, we think, puzzle most of his readers to find another which his language will sustain.

As a confession of "orthodoxy" on the Trinity, Mr. Howorth's creed may fall a little short of the Athanasian doctrine, but we venture to say that it transcends the faith of the majority of intelligent men who profess belief in a Trinity. There are unmistakable signs amongst thoughtful men brought up in "orthodoxy," of uneasiness and doubt, and of a determination not to cabin their consciences within the narrow limits of human creeds, and of a rapid approach to a liberal theology. They who read such authors as Maurice, Kingsley and Binney, will not find themselves moving to, but rather from, the unhesitating orthodoxy which Mr. Howorth professes. His "Letter" contains no intimation of his acceptance of the doctrine of a local hell, of the eternal duration of punishment, and of the personality of an evil spirit; but the indiscriminating spirit of his interpretations of scripture developed in his summary of texts, will force him to these and many other doctrines equally opposed to humanity and reason. Experience may hereafter, when he endeavours to teach his newly-learned theology to men with heads that can think and hearts that can feel, convince him that there is great truth in Mr. Wright's judicious warning:

"The time is gone by when the great mass of men, those amongst us who most want religion and will make the best use of it when they have got it, can be persuaded, by any mere textual method of proof, that a doctrine can be true which contradicts common sense, as the three-in-one and one-in-three of the Trinity does, or that a doctrine can be true which attributes to God cruelty such as would disgrace a human father, and injustice such as we never witness in an earthly judge, as the doctrine of the Atonement does. Persuade the world that the Bible teaches these things, and the final result will be that they will give up the Bible sooner than believe in them, so strong a protest against them do their own hearts and souls present."—P. 7.

Mr. Howorth's secession from our opinions, following so soon, but not unexpectedly, his withdrawal from our body, will be viewed by some who love us not as a great triumph, and as a notable declaration of the worthlessness of Unitarian opinions. Possibly some few, whose sympathies are mainly with us, may look with uneasiness at the fact of so good a man quitting opinions which they still value as scriptural and true. If they will carefully study Mr. Howorth's Letter, their uneasiness (if they feel any) in respect to the stability of Unitarian opinions will surely be removed. They will see that years spent in other pursuits than the weighing of intellectual evidence, have not added to his powers of judicial discrimination; and that his present decision need not disturb our conviction of the soundness of his decision thirty years ago, when he studied the Scriptures in their original languages, and had

placed before him the different interpretations of Christian scholars. It is made evident by Mr. Howorth's own statement, that he entered on his recent scriptural studies with a bias. He had already adopted the theory of the pre-existence of Christ, and an atonement. He had already come to the conclusion that Unitarianism, tried experimentally, was found wanting. Every personal motive growing out of his congregational disappointments, tended to repel him from Unitarianism. Many of his local intimacies were with persons holding "orthodox" opinions. Giving him credit for the best and purest intentions, can the result be wondered at? The result was, to our knowledge, foreseen and foretold many months ago. If we regard the circumstances under which the investigation was conducted, we reach a solution of the chief difficulty of the case, which is, how evidence so scanty and defective could have extorted from a righteous judge such a verdict.

In taking our leave of Mr. Howorth, we will give utterance to the wish that he may not linger long in controversy, for which he is little qualified by his intellectual powers and habits, but that he may without delay return to, and long continue to traverse, the walks of that Christian love which our common Instructor teacheth us is greater and better than faith.

Edward Irving: an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks. Pp. 287. London—Freeman. 1854.

AN amiable and clever, but futile, attempt to procure for the memory of Irving "universal admiration and love." No panegyrics, whether penned by Mr. Carlyle or by any of his numerous imitators, can persuade sober-minded Englishmen that Edward Irving (unquestionably honest and well gifted) was not, during the later portions of his life, essentially mad. The poetical generalities of Mr. Wilks are quite insufficient as an explanation of the folly of Irving's "unknown tongues." That he was latterly a declaimer against confessions and creeds, and that he was himself accused of heresy, we know; but neither his theological eclecticism, nor the latitudinarian apologies of his biographer, can make us look upon him as a religious reformer, or upon his church as calculated to do any amount of good to compensate for the evil occasioned by the ridicule which its fanciful and extravagant pretensions bring on religion generally.

A Liturgy for the Use of a Christian Church. Pp. 110. Boston—Crosby, Nichols and Co. 1854.

THIS transatlantic liturgical compilation is scriptural, and therefore essentially, though not professedly, Unitarian. Good use has been made of the Book of Common Prayer; but the arrangement of the services is novel. The psalms are selections, each selection having reference to some one subject, such as "prayer," "confession," the attributes of God, and the frailty and dignity of man. The litanies which follow are chiefly compiled from several of the Epistles. Against some existing liturgies, as against the Book of Common Prayer, the undue length is objected. This fault has been avoided by the American compiler. His original prayers are free from great faults; but, as devotional utterances, they do not rise to any high degree of excellence.

INTELLIGENCE.

UNITARIANISM AT BURY, LANCASHIRE.

Recent circumstances have served to draw attention to the state and prospects of Unitarianism at Bury, and we shall probably gratify the natural curiosity of many of our readers by giving them the result of inquiries which we have made on the subject. The secession of Mr. Howorth, although naturally lamented by those who had long known his worth and sat under his ministry, has had little perceptible effect on the numbers of his former congregation. Nearly every pew in the capacious chapel is let. The few seats which are unoccupied are in the gallery, and are considered not eligible. The school suffered more than the congregation; but it is now steadily reviving; and although the number of the scholars now attending is less than it was under Mr. Howorth's pastoral care, the discipline is better than at any previous time. Nor must it be supposed from these remarks that it is inconsiderable in numbers. There are, in fact, 210 scholars. Never in the memory of the oldest member of the congregation was there more union or a better directed zeal than at present. It has been long customary for the minister and the male members of his flock to dine together on Christmas-day, after a religious service, and after dinner to talk over the secular affairs of the congregation. On the last meeting of this kind, the attendance was large, being nearly double the average attendance of previous years. On the following day, a plan was adopted by the congregation for securing a better organization. The principal feature of this plan is the appointment of a number of Committees to attend to the several departments of congregational duty:—1. A General Committee, having the charge of all congregational matters not specially entrusted to the other Committees. 2. A Sunday-school Committee. 3. A Choir and Service Committee. 4. A Tract Committee. 5. A Committee for the aid of the Poor. 6. A Library Committee. 7. A Committee for arrangements for meetings. Each sub-committee has the entire and exclusive management of the business entrusted to it, and is to apply to the Trustees (who form, in fact, another Committee, having the direction of the finances) for such sums of money

as are necessary for carrying it on. The Tract Committee are carrying on their department with vigour. We have before us a list of the publications of the "Bury Unitarian Tract Society," containing several works by Mr. Wright, Dr. Channing, Mr. Harris, Mr. Beard and Mr. Madge. A series of lectures, now in the course of delivery by Mr. Wright, on Religious Truths and Duties, is also announced for publication through the same agency. These lectures have, we believe, hitherto proved highly attractive. The most recent movement of the congregation is an effort to raise a fund for building a suitable parsonage-house; and that this object will be secured is probable enough, as we hear that a sum not much short of £1000 is promised. When it is remembered that this effort is being made by a congregation on whom has devolved the building of two capacious and costly chapels, good proof is afforded of their vitality and zeal. Much as Mr. Wright has done since the commencement of his zealous and acceptable ministry in Bury, it cannot, after this simple statement of facts, be doubted that his lot is happily cast amongst a people largely imbued with the religious life, and willing and anxious to second their pastor in his efforts to promote Christian truth and the practice of righteousness.

DISCUSSION AT HALIFAX RESPECTING THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE.

A discussion running through ten nights has been recently brought to a close at Halifax, the disputants being Mr. Brewin Grant, the defender of revealed religion, and Mr. Joseph Barker, its opponent. The proceedings at first attracted large and deeply-interested audiences, and were presided over by Mr. James Stansfeld, the judge of the Halifax County Court, and by Mr. Wavell, the town clerk. On opening the proceedings on the 23rd of January, Mr. James Stansfeld said: "It is not without some hesitation and reluctance that I have consented to preside over you to-night, because it cannot be supposed that the subject of debate is one on which a man, who has lived upwards of forty years in the world, has formed no decided opinion; and it may be thought that depth of conviction, in

my position, may not conduce to impartiality. It is not, however, my duty to give judgment, but to see that justice is done to both parties; and I shall endeavour to hold the scales as evenly as I can. There is a still more serious difficulty. The subject, being one of the most vital importance, cannot easily be approached without offending the most cherished feelings of many hearts. The speakers, I trust, will pay respect to those feelings. The laws of our country, while providing liberty of conscience and of speech, do forbid the employment of the shafts of ridicule against sacred truth, and make it blasphemy to call Christ an impostor. This remark applies especially to Mr. Barker. I hope there will be no difficulty in carrying out the arrangement to which you have pledged yourselves in the purchase of tickets, that there shall be 'no signs of approbation or disapprobation, and that no person shall in any way interrupt the meeting.'

"Mr. Joseph Barker undertakes to prove the following proposition:—the Rev. Brewin Grant undertakes to prove the opposite:—

"That there is no evidence of the Supernatural Origin or Divine Authority of the Bible; that there is evidence in abundance of its Human Origin; and that the doctrine of its Supernatural Origin and Divine Authority is injurious."

"January 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 30th and 31st, and February 1st, 2nd, 6th and 8th, are the evenings fixed for the debate.

"The discussion to continue for two and a half hours each night. The first night each speaker to occupy an hour with his opening speech, and fifteen minutes with his closing one; and on the following nights each speaker to have two periods of thirty minutes each, and one of fifteen minutes.

"Mr. Barker to open the discussion the first night, Mr. Grant the second night, and alternately through the discussion.

"Each committee shall have control over half the tickets.

"One competent reporter to be employed, who shall be expected to do equal justice to both parties in the discussion; his expenses to be defrayed out of the proceeds of the sale of tickets; the reporter to furnish a full and accurate report of the discussion within thirty days after its close. When approved by both the disputants, this report to be published, under the di-

rection of the joint committees; but neither side to be allowed to introduce any new matter, nor suppress any argument or statement actually adduced; and both parties to consider themselves pledged not to sanction the publication of any other report of the discussion than the one published by the joint committees.

"Such are the conditions of this debate. For myself, I have not the slightest fear of the freest discussion. For a season truth may be clouded by prejudice and clamour, but it will ultimately rise with greater splendour."

We have no intention of following the combatants through any part of the discussion, feeling little confidence in Mr. Brewin Grant as the champion of religion, hampered as he is with orthodoxy, and especially the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and placing not the slightest reliance on Mr. Barker's good faith. But we record the circumstances under which this discussion began, in order to warn our friends against any participation in these gladiatorial displays. The result proved in every respect unsatisfactory. Mr. Barker indulged in language disgusting and offensive to every man possessing any degree of reverence for the Bible or even natural piety; Mr. Brewin Grant indulged in personalities; and the audience broke their part of the compact by disorderly expressions of feeling. The result was, that both the respected gentlemen who had consented to preside withdrew in disgust. The discussion, thus shorn of its respectability, lost in the eyes of the people its importance, and the attendance rapidly dwindled. According to the Halifax Guardian, Mr. Barker now became more and more unscrupulous in his vulgarities and blasphemies, and the audience shewed more of the feeling of rat-worrying than the love of truth, cheering and hissing each clever home-thrust or sarcastic personality. If discussion is to be held on the evidences of religion, it had better be through the press. But it would be a deplorable waste of time and power for any man of learning to follow an unscrupulous opponent like Mr. Joseph Barker through his tedious verbal cavils and appeals to the ignorance of his hearers.

JOHN POUNDS, OF PORTSMOUTH.

A social meeting of Sunday-school teachers of the High-Street chapel,

Portsmouth, and their friends, took place on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, in the large school-room, in connection with the raising of a monument to the memory of John Pounds, the benevolent shoemaker and gratuitous teacher of youth. About ninety persons took tea together, under the presidency of Mrs. Eveleigh, who had been a Sunday-school teacher at the time John Pounds was in the habit of sending his more advanced scholars to the High-Street Sunday-school. At the upper end of the room was suspended the original oil painting, by Sheaf, of John Pounds at work in his little room, surrounded by his group of scholars, the frame having been wreathed with laurel by the teachers. At the other end of the room was hung a model of the monument that is about to be placed over the grave. After tea, the Rev. Henry Hawkes occupied the chair, having on his right hand Mr. Lemons, an old man of 80, who had been a companion of John Pounds in early life, and in the habit of singing with him at the chapel out of the same hymn-book, which he brought with him. It was a present from John Pounds.

The Chairman commenced the proceedings by narrating the circumstances under which had originated the design of erecting the monument. Friends from a distance, wishing to visit the spot in which John Pounds was interred, were surprised that no monument should have been placed over his grave, and often looked for it in vain. In the chapel a small mural tablet had been placed by some friends as a mark of respect; but this did not satisfy the public expectation. The Sunday-school teachers had therefore very appropriately planned a *penny* subscription to erect a suitable monument. They had fixed so low a subscription that his poorest friends might have the opportunity of testifying their respect. They had issued no advertisements of their undertaking, and had left the subscription to increase by the spontaneous offerings of those who esteemed the benevolent labours of the good old man. He was happy to say that subscriptions had come in from many and distant places, and that they had a sufficient amount for the purpose. With any surplus that might arise, and with contributions that might hereafter flow in, they intended to found a *John Pounds' Library* for the instruction of poor children, so that the Library might be indefinitely enlarging by the gifts or

purchase of books, and thus prove a perpetually-increasing source of benefit to the class to whom John Pounds had devoted his labours, and be a characteristic memento of his usefulness. After giving some interesting reminiscences of him, arising out of long personal acquaintance with him and observation of his assiduous attention to his school, the Chairman called on the Rev. E. Kell, who had been still longer acquainted with him, to propose the first sentiment.

Mr. Kell, in giving, "We bless the Memory of John Pounds as the Friend of the Poor," observed, that in all ages of the world monuments had been raised to individuals of exalted rank. Kings and heroes of the battle-field, eminent statesmen, great lawyers and poets, had had lofty columns or proud mausoleums erected to their memory, or their dust was slumbering under sculptured marble in Westminster Hall or St. Paul's Cathedral. But if they asked, Where are the monuments erected in honour of the teachers of the age, however superior—and far superior they were, in real utility—to many of whom poets had sung? Echo only would answer, "Where?" They, the Sunday-school teachers and friends, had acted under a higher appreciation of the relative merit of the Instructor, and had realized a fund to place a monument over one of the most esteemed instructors of the poor. And he was happy to say that the spirit in which they had acted had been responded to far and wide. Mr. K. then took a succinct review of the useful principles upon which John Pounds' school was conducted, shewing the many valuable lessons that may be learned from him in the work of education. He pointed out from his example how much may be done with very slender means, alluding especially to his being obliged to employ for years old hand-bills and scraps of lesson-books in the work of instruction. He referred to his happy employment of the interrogative system of education, and to his instruction of his pupils in common things, and in some of the arts of common life, as in those of cooking their food and mending their shoes. And above all he spoke with admiration of his educating his pupils upon the principle of love instead of fear, winning their affection by entering into sports and making playthings for them. He finally alluded to the circumstance which had rendered his name illustrious as the founder

of Ragged Schools, viz., his selection of the most ragged and neglected children as the objects of his instruction. In exciting attention to what might be done for the deserted and outcast poor children of our town populations, he had rendered himself a public benefactor; and in after times, when the names of a Howard, a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, a Raikes, shall be mentioned with reverence,—when the labours of Mrs. Fry or Miss Nightingale shall be spoken of with grateful admiration,—the name of John Pounds shall not be forgotten.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Rev. Thomas Foster, Mr. Redward, Rev. J. C. Woods and others. Mr. Henry Blessly, the Treasurer of the

Sunday-school, mentioned that the first idea of the erection of a monument over John Pounds' grave originated in an interview between an American minister and Mr. Hawkes, on whom the former had called, requesting to be shewn John Pounds' grave. He strongly expressed his surprise that no stone had been placed over it.—A resolution of thanks was proposed by Mr. Slatter to Miss Stephens for her services at the pianoforte; and thanks to those who had prepared the tea arrangements, by Mr. Ellis. Various appropriate hymns were sung during the evening; and after this very delightful gathering of friends, the meeting was closed by a solemn prayer by the Chairman.

OBITUARY.

Jan. 7, at her residence in Stalybridge, aged 78, MARY, widow of the late Joseph BAYLEY, Esq. Mrs. Bayley was a lady of more than ordinary penetration and strength of character. Left early in life with a large young family, whom a fearful accident with machinery had deprived of their father, she overcame all the difficulties of her position, and completed that worldly prosperity of which her late husband had with her assistance only laid the foundation. There were, however, united with the stronger features of her character those gentler qualities which become the lady. No one took a deeper interest in whatever affected her neighbours and friends. Her presence in society was always warmly welcomed. To the close of her not short life, she retained much of the vivacity and grace which in early and middle life so greatly distinguished her. If on the whole her course was prosperous, it was diversified by some severe domestic afflictions, first in the loss of her husband, and afterwards in the death of three married daughters. She bore these and other bereavements with a gentle fortitude that was very touching, and turned from her sorrows to the performance of her duties, whatever they were, with true courage. It is scarcely necessary to say that her mind was

deeply penetrated with a sense of religion. She was, through the greater part of her life, a regular attendant on the services at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, a place in the welfare of which she took a lively interest. The principles and sentiments there inculcated were congenial to her clear understanding and kindly heart, and she found them capable of sustaining her in every emergency. From them she derived her calm sense of duty, her resignation in trouble, the charity which adorned her life, and the faith and hope which sustained and cheered her in the immediate prospect of death.

Jan. 21, at Higham Hill, Walthamstow, Essex, Rev. ELIEZER COGAN, in the 93rd year of his age. Of this estimable and learned man, we are authorized to promise a memoir in our next No.

Jan. 29th, of scarletina, aged 7 years, MARGARET LUCY; Jan. 30th, aged 3 years, CATHERINE LILIAS; Jan. 31st, aged 17 months, FREDERICA HELEN; Feb. 2nd, aged 5 years, JANE ANN,—children of Frederic M'CONNEL, Esq., of Robgill Tower, Dumfriesshire. And on Feb. 7, aged 6 months, FREDERIC JOHN, his last surviving child.